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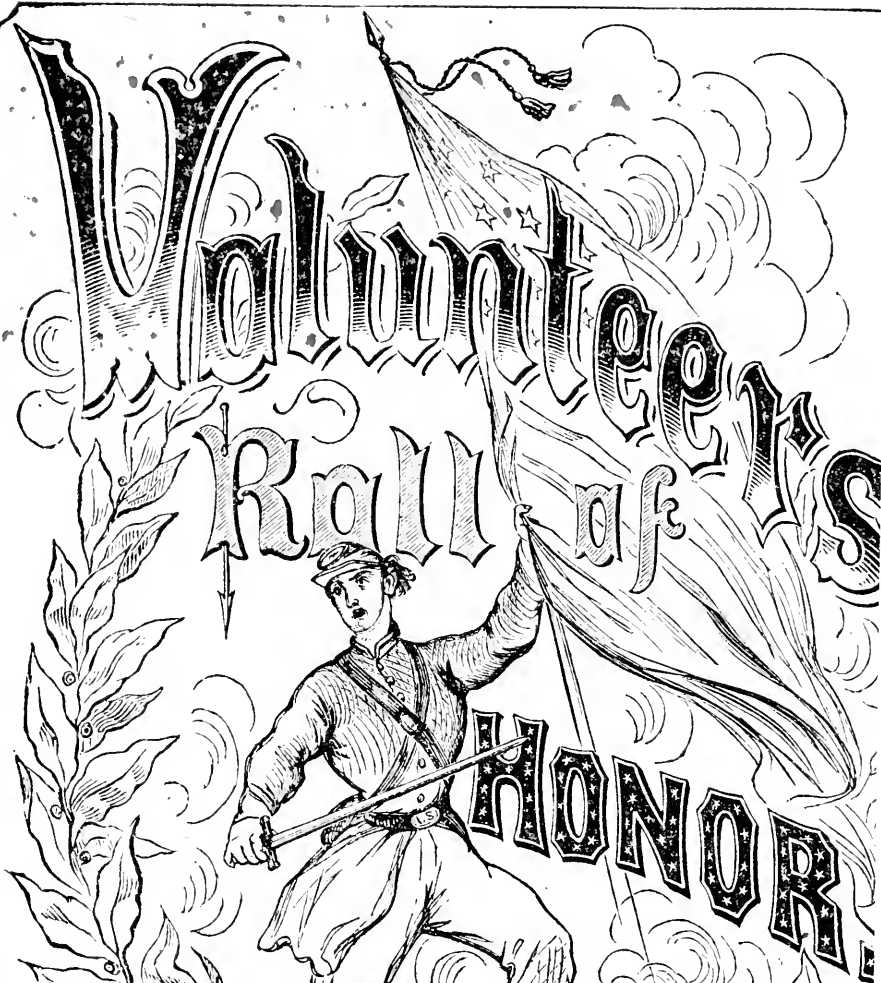
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Volunteers Roll of HONOR.

A detailed black and white illustration of a volunteer soldier. The soldier is depicted from the waist up, standing on a rocky outcrop. He wears a military uniform with a cap and a sash. He holds a sword in his right hand and a large flag in his left. The flag features stars and stripes. The background is filled with swirling smoke or clouds. To the left of the soldier is a large laurel wreath. The word 'HONOR' is written in large, bold, serif capital letters across the middle of the illustration, with stars interspersed within the letters.

PHILADELPHIA:
BARCLAY & CO.,
56 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

THE
VOLUNTEERS' ROLL OF HONOR.

A COLLECTION OF THE
NOBLE AND PRAISEWORTHY DEEDS

PERFORMED IN THE
CAUSE OF THE UNION

BY THE
HEROES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

IN THIS COLLECTION, THE GREATEST CARE HAS BEEN TAKEN TO OBTAIN
AND RECORD THE PROPER NAME OF EACH SOLDIER OR SEAMAN WHO
HAS, DURING THE GREAT REBELLION, RENDERED HIMSELF FAMOUS
BY REASON OF HIS BRAVERY OR DEVOTION TO THE UNION
CAUSE, AND ALSO THE CORRECT NUMBER AND LETTER OF
HIS REGIMENT AND COMPANY, OR NAME OF THE
VESSEL IN WHICH HE SERVED.

THE ROLL OF HONOR WILL BE A
MOST BRILLIANT ADDITION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,
EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF, AND ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED
WITH ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS EXECUTED IN THE HIGHEST
STYLE OF ART.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY
BARCLAY & CO., No. 56 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

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THE VOLUNTEERS'

ROLL OF HONOR.

INTRODUCTION.

SCARCELY had the present war declared itself within our once peaceful and happy borders, when histories thereof began to issue in instalments from various presses throughout the whole country. And the smoke of the first battle or two had no more than lifted ere there were offered for our perusal biographies, and narratives of capture and imprisonment, most generally of persons of rank, wealth, or distinction. These periodical histories, and biographies, and narratives, have been added one to another, until at last the reading community has become so sated with them that they heartily wish for some fresh viand.

There is but one theme which will satisfy this desire, and that is the glorious and noble deeds performed in their country's behalf, both on land and sea, by our gallant, our invincible volunteers. Thus far these deeds have been allowed to sink into forgetfulness for the lack of some one to collect and preserve them. To have them placed upon a lasting record would be not only deeply gratifying to the volunteers themselves, but equally so to those near and dear ones at home who watch so eagerly the contests of our brave Army and Navy.

It is, therefore, with the liveliest feelings of pleasure that I have devoted myself to the task of gathering together and arranging these

valiant and praiseworthy actions. They are gems far too valuable to be thrown carelessly aside, or left out of history's casket, and far too brilliant not to mingle their light with that of other deeds and traits by which our nation has attained so much renown.

Yours &c Wesley Bradshaw

A FEARFUL CHASE.

THE services of the late and lamented General O. M. Mitchell, the astronomer, are yet fresh in the minds of the nation. During his short but splendid career, he succeeded in placing his name among the highest of his fellow commanders, and made for himself a fame as enduring as it was brilliant.

The glorious infection of his indomitable energy and enterprise, spread itself throughout his whole command, from the highest officer to the humblest private, as the following will prove.

A Kentuckian, by the name of J. J. Andrews, during the latter end of March, 1862, suggested to General Mitchell an expedition into Georgia, for the purpose of destroying the Georgia and Atlanta State Railroad. The General instantly perceived what a stupendous disaster such an enterprise, successfully executed, must prove to the rebels, and, upon hearing Andrews' plan, he at once approved it.

The plan was this:—Andrews, with a body of picked men, was to make his way as far as he deemed sufficient into Georgia, travelling along the railroad we have mentioned. He was then to watch a favorable opportunity, capture a locomotive, and start back toward Mitchell again. He was to tear up the track, burn the bridges, and cut the telegraph along the route beyond Chattanooga, on as far as Bridgeport, Tennessee, and then, continuing on, he was to rejoin Mitchell at Huntsville, Alabama. This latter portion of the road was laid through a region of country abounding in streams, rivers, and ravines, and consequently an amount of damage could be inflicted in a single day, that would cost months of toil to repair. It

was indeed a magnificent undertaking, and had it been fully successful, Beauregard and his entire force would have been captured, and the whole region of the Southwest been rescued from the grasp of the "Confederacy." The names of Andrews' comrades in this gallant exploit, we obtained personally from Corporal, now Lieutenant Pittenger, of the Second Ohio Volunteers, and are as follows:

J. J. ANDREWS, of Kentucky, *Leader of the party.*

WILLIAM CAMPBELL, "

WILLIAM KNIGHT, Company E, Twenty-first Ohio Volunteers.

MARK WOOD, " C, " "

ALFRED WILSON, " " " "

WILSON H. BROWN, " F, " "

JOHN R. PORTER, " G, " "

WILLIAM BENSINGER, " " " "

ROBERT BUFFUM, " H, " "

JOHN SCOTT, " F, " "

Sergt. E. A. MASON, " K, " "

MARTIN J. HAWKINS, " A, Thirty-third " "

Corp'l WM. REDDICK, " B, " "

JOHN WHOLLAN, " C, " "

SAMUEL SLAVENS, " D, " "

SAMUEL ROBERSON, " G, " "

JACOB PARROTT, " K, " "

Corp. WM. PITTENGER, " G, Second " "

Serg't-Major M. ROSS, " A, " "

GEORGE D. WILSON, " B, " "

PERRY D. SHADRACK, " K, " "

It was on the 7th of April, 1862, that these brave men left their camp at Shelbyville, Tennessee, and set out for Manchester, in the same State. They were obliged to leave secretly, and several of them barely escaped being shot by their own pickets. At Manchester, they told the rebels, with whom they fell in, that they were Kentuckians, and were then on their way to join the rebel army at Chattanooga. A Colonel Harris, who owned a large farm just beyond the town, showed our heroes every kindness and attention, lodging them in his own house over night, and conveying four of their number in his own carriage, to the Cumberland mountains the next morning. He also furnished them with passes to Chattanooga, and letters to friends in the same place.

Here the daring adventurers divided into squads of two and four, the more readily to disarm suspicion, and in this way all managed to reach Chattanooga. Two of them had already come in and left for

Marietta, Georgia, to which town they all took passage. Before setting out now, Andrews warned them that, as the expedition really began here, every man must be wary. He threatened, also, to shoot the first one who flinched from the full performance of his duty, or became intoxicated; and, as he was a man of the utmost resolution and determination, he would have kept his word had it become necessary. Seven hundred dollars in Confederate money being then distributed among the party, they set forth on their final adventure, final, alas! to many of them.

Marietta, their last rendezvous, was reached without accident, and, keeping well together, they awaited with no little anxiety the opportunity for which they were seeking. This soon presented itself in a train that came rushing into town at dawn of the next day. Our devoted twenty-two took passage aboard for Big Shanty, a sort of refreshment saloon, ten miles away, on the Georgia and Atlanta State Road. The majority of them were engineers, and consequently knew exactly what they were about; while Andrews, their leader, having been engaged on the identical road several years before, had thus an additional knowledge which was invaluable. In due time, Big Shanty was reached, where it was determined to put their plan into execution.

The train had stopped, and the hands, as well as the passengers, left it for a few minutes to obtain some refreshment.

In an instant our heroes leaped aboard the first three cars, Andrews stationing himself on the rear platform of the third car, ready to pull out the coupling pin, while another sprang to the lever of the locomotive. A momentary pause ensued, and then, as he plucked the pin from its socket, Andrews gave the signal. The next moment the iron horse, obeying the rein as readily for a Union master as a Secessionist, trembled, puffed, groaned, and started on its race, slowly at first, and then faster, faster, faster still!

Our adventurers were fairly off, although not two minutes before each one of them was within reach of the guards. On they sped until they reached the first curve, when halting, John Scott, of Company F, Twenty-first Ohio Volunteers, climbed a telegraph pole, and cut the wires, to prevent any intelligence of their coming from preceding them. They were quickly under way again, and made good speed to the next town, after passing which, they tore up a portion of the track, and again cut the telegraph wires. This they repeated every time they passed through a town or village.

One unfortunate circumstance, however, operated against them, and that was, that the train they had seized was running on a very

short schedule, or time-table, and had to be switched off several times to await the passage of down trains. At the first station where this occurred, an engineer was about to step aboard for the purpose of taking charge, but was prevented by Andrews, who told him that this was an extra train being run through to Corinth, and that he was engaged to take it there. In support of this assertion, an iron safe, which chanced to be in one of the cars, and which contained a large sum of Confederate money, was exhibited to the rebel engineer, who was thereupon satisfied, and assisted our friends to wood and water.

At the next station, another delay was occasioned by the passage of another down train. Andrews, who, as we have said, was well acquainted with the road, entered the office here, and boldly took the switch keys, giving as a reason that he was on special service, carrying gunpowder to Beauregard, at Corinth.

Twenty miles south of Dalton, Georgia, our adventurers came to the first bridge, upon which they left one of their cars, on which, piling a quantity of wood, they fired it. And here was their second misfortune. Had they succeeded in destroying this bridge, they would have been free from interruption until they again joined General Mitchell, and would have been completely successful in their undertaking. Some time before this, however, the engineer on the Rome branch, having a suspicion that something was wrong, started up the track, and, of course, soon found evidences in the torn-up rails, and dis severed telegraph wires, of the character of our daring fugitives. Hastening back, he procured a powerful engine, and started in hot pursuit. On his way up he met an express train, for which Andrews and his party had been obliged to switch off. All these delays were fatal to the success of the original plan, and, to show how close was the pursuit, before the burning car, intended for the destruction of the first bridge, was more than half consumed, the rebel engineer struck it, pushed it off the bridge, and then threw it from the track.

And now commenced the terrific race. The wood, water, and oil, aboard the fugitive train were well nigh exhausted; but, determined not to give up until all hope was past, our noble fellows put their engine to her utmost speed, and, quivering in all her iron sinews, she rushed along at the rate of *seventy miles an hour*! What a fearful velocity this is, may be imagined when it is known that the fiercest hurricane moves not faster than sixty-five miles an hour.

With equal determination, however, the rebel pursuers strained all the powers of their locomotive, and the unconscious animal of iron

shot along at the same awful speed as the one in front. Onward, onward, still onward, like one lightning flash pursuing another, thundered the two engines, one leaping into a tunnel or deep cut as the other left it. The last stick of wood was thrown into the furnace, the last drop of water was fed into the boiler, and the few remaining globules of oil were carefully applied to the most necessary parts of the machinery, and now, then, God speed the flying heroes! Two minutes, and they rush up to a bridge, they shut off steam, leap on the latter, and fall to with axes and combustibles. A match! a minute! a breath! and they are safe. But the other locomotive approaches, and they must be off once more. Another headlong dash, and the trees and fences, and green fields, and bridges, and streams, and cattle, and sky, and the very air itself, seemed to churn into one writhing, rushing, agonized mass. Now the engine began to rock, and a peculiar odor was perceptible. The lack of oil and the tremendous friction, had caused the brazen journal-caps to melt into drops, like ice touched with a red hot iron; but still the faithful engine staggered swiftly along.

At this juncture, Andrews, perceiving that further effort was unavailing, ordered the engine to be slackened. This being done, the lever was reversed, and, as the fast failing locomotive dashed back to meet its pursuers, our fugitives leaped to the ground, and separating into ones and twos, plunged into the forests on either side of the road, in hopes of thus escaping.

But the rebels were equally on the alert, and, stopping their own engine in time to avert a collision, took up the chase on foot. Some of our heroes were immediately made prisoners, while the rest, after wandering through the country, with various fortunes and adventures, were all finally captured.

JACOB PARROTT, Company K, Thirty-third Ohio Volunteers, when taken, was most brutally used. Being stripped, he was bent down over a large stone, and, while a Confederate officer held two loaded pistols at his head, to blow out his brains if he flinched, he received over a hundred lashes with a raw-hide upon his bare back. The heroic boy, for he was only eighteen, never moved, and steadily refused to give any information whatever to his tormentors. This Spartan conduct becomes more distinguished when we state that Parrott was entirely destitute of education, having from early years been obliged to support himself, he being an orphan.

The whole party, twenty-two in number, were subsequently carried to Chattanooga, where they were thrust into a room in the negro jail, *thirteen feet square, and half under ground.* The only entrance to this

horrid, suffocating dungeon was by a trap-door, which was only raised twice a day for the purpose of lowering to the captives their scanty supply of miserable fare. While here, Andrews was tried and condemned as a spy, and was executed on the 7th of June following, at Atlanta, Georgia.

When first placed in their dismal cell in Chattanooga, all our heroes were strong and in good health; but at the end of three weeks, when they were being marched to the cars for Madison, Georgia, scarcely one of them could walk.

Twelve of their number were tried and condemned, as had been Andrews, for being spies, which arbitrary and unjust action was altogether in opposition to military law. Seven of these unfortunate men were executed at Atlanta, Georgia, on June 18th, 1862. One of them, SAMUEL ROBERSON, Company G, Thirty-third Ohio Volunteers, was so ill at the time as to be unable to even sit up. In fact he *was dying*. Disregarding this, however, his brutal executioners dragged him forth, and, throwing him on the bottom of the cart in which his fated companions were seated, they hurried both him and them to the place of execution.

GEORGE D. WILSON, Company C, Twenty-first Ohio Volunteers, undismayed by his scowling foes, made a manly and noble speech while on the scaffold. His last words were spoken in behalf of that flag and country for which he was offering up his life.

Two of the victims of this official murder broke the ropes by which they were suspended, and begged, on being restored to consciousness, that an hour might be granted them in which they might pray and make their peace with Heaven; but this was refused, the ropes were readjusted about their necks, and they were hurried into eternity.

There now remained of the original party only fourteen, who were all kept closely confined, under a special guard, at Atlanta Jail, until October. About this time, learning that they were also to be hung, they resolved to escape. A plan was quickly matured, and when at evening the jailer appeared with their meagre rations, he was suddenly seized, as were also seven of the guard, and, ere the alarm was given, eight of the prisoners were beyond pursuit. Six of these reached the Union lines, while two have never been heard of since. Those who were compelled to stay behind, or rather who were recaptured ere their flight fairly began, viz:

Sergt. E. A. Mason,	Company K,	Twenty-first Ohio Volunteers.
Corp. Wm. Pittenger,	" G,	Second " "
Corp. Wm. Reddick,	" B,	Thirty-third " "
Robert Buffun,	" H,	Twenty-first " "

Wm. Bensinger, Company G, Twenty-first Ohio Volunteers.

Jacob Parrott, " K, Thirty-third " "

were confined in the barracks until December, when they were removed to Richmond, and shut up in a room of Castle Thunder.

Throughout the inclement winter season they were kept without fire, thinly clad, and with only two small blankets to cover the whole six. Last March, these heroic soldiers were exchanged, and, we are happy to add, received a flattering reward for their devotion to the Union.

A gold medal, one hundred dollars in cash, and what was more highly gratifying than either, a brevet of First Lieutenant, were presented to each one of them. Their health, however, is much broken by their exposure and hardships, and Corporal William Pittenger, of Company G, Second Ohio Volunteers, and from whom we received the above narrative, looks as though he would never again be fit for service.

SAVING THE FLAG.

ADJUTANT JAMES J. HEARY, SIXTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Among the most noted regiments that enlisted in the holy cause of the Union was that of Colonel Wilson, of New York, and its *materiel* was, at the time of volunteering, made the object of some of the unkindest slurs and criticisms. Whether or not any of this criticism was true or deserved, it is out of our power to decide; but of one fact we feel fully assured, that a braver regiment never took the field than the Sixth New York Volunteers.

Upon being recruited in the Metropolis, the Sixth was sent round by sea to Santa Rosa Island, on which is built the celebrated Fort Pickens. Here they were encamped as part of a force, which, besides preventing the rebels from making a lodgment on the island, was to be used in offensive movements on the mainland.

With that promptness which has all along characterized the operations of the insurgents, an overwhelming body of Confederate troops was landed secretly, and made a sudden attack upon the Union camps.

As a consequence, they were at first successful, driving the Zouaves from their camps in considerable disorder. In the midst of the terrible excitement—for, at the time of which we speak, soldiers had but little of the discipline which they now exhibit—some one shouted out:

"Our colors, boys! our colors! They're in the Colonel's quarters and 'll be taken!"

These words fell upon the ears of JAMES J. HEARY, Adjutant of the regiment. The thrill which the exclamation sent through the frame of this gallant soldier, caused him instantly to halt. The flag which he and his fleeing comrades had sworn to protect when given into their hands by the fair ladies of New York—should it be allowed to fall into the foeman's hands without at least one life devoted to its rescue?

"No! never!" he exclaimed, and with a swelling heart, he drew his sword and rushed back to Colonel Wilson's tent, where the sacred banner was deposited.

The steady rushing forward of the enemy's feet fell upon his ears, together with their wild shouts of triumph, and the volleys of their musketry, as, at a double quick, they surrounded the tent in which he was.

For a moment his perilous position nonplussed him; but only for a moment, for, deciding instantly upon a bold course, he grasped his sword more tightly in his right hand, and, taking the flag in his left, he bounded from the tent.

Scarcely had he crossed the threshold when a hundred rebels rushed toward him with the intention of effecting his capture. But this was not so easy a matter as they had judged, for, ere they could secure the prize, the gallant fellow hewed his way through them with his trusty blade, and then sped swiftly away to rejoin his comrades.

Seeing that the intrepid soldier would escape, the rebels started after him at full speed, firing their pieces as they ran. But their efforts were in vain, and with the fleetness of a deer, Heary gained a swamp, into whose friendly concealment he plunged, still bearing the flag for which he had thus risked his life.

His pursuers immediately gave up the chase, and the brave Adjutant, cautiously extricating himself from the morass, shortly afterward came up with his regiment, all of whom had given him up for killed or captured.

Their surprise was only equaled by their delight at seeing again the beautiful emblem of their country, delivered to the "color guard," each of whom solemnly vowed never again to allow it to fall into the hands of the foe, except with their lives.

A NOBLE REGIMENT.

THE TWENTY-SECOND IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

OF all the assaults which have yet been made upon any stronghold in the rebellious States, none has equaled or even approached that which was made upon Vicksburg, by General Grant, and his splendid legions.

From the first moment that the contest opened, each corps, each division, each brigade, and each regiment of the Union host, vied with one another in bravery and daring, and, so evenly was this emulation preserved, that there was scarcely an opportunity for any one part to distinguish itself beyond another. But at last one regiment succeeded in eclipsing its companions, by one of the most unparalleled deeds that has ever been recorded in history.

This regiment, the immortal TWENTY-SECOND IOWA VOLUNTEERS, was attached to General Carr's Division. Just after General Grant's grand assault had commenced, this division, headed by the Twenty-second, charged an important point in the enemy's line, on the left of the Jackson Railroad.

Steadily the column of heroes pressed forward, and they were beginning to think of an easy achievement, until they got to within a few rods of the embankment, when, with a fearful yell of defiance, a dark mass of rebel riflemen leaped up from their concealment behind the earthen wall, and poured a tempest of balls into the advancing troops.

For an instant all was confusion, and this division, trembling like a strong ship in a storm, seemed ready to break and retreat in panic. But its gallant officers sprang forward, each with his cheering shout, and immediately changed irresolution into valor.

"Steady in the centre! Steady on the right! Steady on the left! Forward, double quick, march!"

And again the serried ranks plunged onward, and onward, but only to meet the same steady, withering breath of flame, that seared them like leaves in a burning forest.

It was impossible to face such a tornado of death, and the whole column, with the exception of the Twenty-second Iowa, fell back.

Though continually foremost in the fight, their gallant leader, Colonel William M. Stone, still lived, and seeing that the retreat was commencing, he determined to make one last, desperate effort,



"As the fast-failing locomotive dashed back to meet its pursuers, our fugitives leaped to the ground, and separating into ones and twos, plunged into the forests on either side of the road."—See Page 26.

knowing full well that where he went his regiment would follow. Raising himself in his stirrups, therefore, and waving his sword, he shouted, in tones that rose above the din of battle:

"Forward the Twenty-second!" and, plunging the rowels deep into his horse's sides, he galloped straight toward the fearful embankment.

"Forward the Twenty-second!"

Like an electric shock, these words quivered through the regiment, and forward they went with the fierceness of an avalanche.

Again, however, that steady rain of death meets them, and stretches all but five hundred on the earth.

"The Colonel's down!" and, as the words go from mouth to mouth, the five hundred pause.

"Forward the Twenty-second!"

Ha! that trumpet blast still tells of the Colonel's safety, and forward plunges the four hundred, for two double charges of grape have just swept a hundred from the ranks.

Now the devoted little band is pressing over the last slight swell of ground that intervenes between it and the fortifications.

Fifty feet, forty feet, twenty feet, and three hundred reach the ditch of the fortification. Down into it they leap, and climb out with loud shouts, to make the last and most fearful charge up the embankment, which is twenty feet high, and almost perpendicular. They now number but two hundred, but these two hundred still follow their yet unharmed Colonel, and the glorious, tattered flag that they are endeavoring to plant on the ramparts above.

"Forward the Twenty-second!"

Another effort, as those clear, ringing words, fall upon their ears, and the remnant of the regiment reach their goal, and place their standard on the topmost crest of the foe's works. Fiercely they are met by the rebels, who, with gnashing teeth, strive to push them back at the bayonet's point into the ditch with their dead comrades. But they hold their position, and the enemy falls back.

They would cheer now, but their poor throats are dry and full of dust, and the rebels are sending a fresh column to capture them.

They gaze back over their track, hoping to see help coming, but in vain.

"Reinforcements! Reinforcements for the Twenty-second!" cries Colonel Stone, in agony, as though his voice could reach the ears of Grant, or Carr, through the dense battle-clouds that roll over the hills behind.

"Reinforcements! More men, and we'll carry the place yet!" he

exclaims, as his quick eye catches sight of the falling shells that Porter is throwing into the city.

But it is all, all in vain. There is no succor for the devoted band; they must fight on and die, or surrender. The foe opens on them again, and Colonel Stone at last falls, close at the foot of his proud flag.

Instantly, what was left of the Twenty-second, closed about their leader and their banner, in squares to meet the charge of the enemy.

A crash, a prolonged, surging struggle, a thrusting and parrying of bayonets, and the gallant Twenty-second Iowa Volunteers are overpowered and crushed to earth.

The rebels carried back with them into the city, *fifteen privates and one officer*, who *wounded and exhausted*, were all that were left of the most splendid regiment in the service! All honor to the gallant Twenty-second Iowa Volunteers, now living only in the memories and hearts of its millions of admirers!

"CALIFORNIA JOE."

TRUMAN HEAD, COMPANY B, BERDAN'S SHARPSHOOTERS.

WE presume there is no one who has not heard of "California Joe," the most celebrated marksman of Berdan's Sharpshooters. It must be remembered that this picked regiment is composed only of the expertest riflemen in the land, and the proficiency of the subject of this sketch may be imagined when we state that he is the best in the regiment.

During last summer, we had the pleasure of taking Mr. Head by the hand, and we well remember our surprise on seeing him. We had expected to look upon a tall, brawny mountaineer, in the prime of life, with a piercing, eagle eye, rough, shaggy beard, and a deep, ringing voice. Instead, we found a little, thin man, of between fifty and sixty, with long, black, silken hair, curling in rich profusion about a pair of shoulders, whose stoop showed the decline of life. His face beamed with intelligence and humanity, and his voice was soft and gentle as a woman's, when detailing how he found it necessary, in the performance of his terrible duty, to "pick off" some rebel officer or gunner.

For some days previous to the final contest at Yorktown, General McClellan had watched, with much anxiety, an enormous rifled

cannon being placed in such a position by the enemy as to sweep away any force that could be brought against it. Satisfying himself that he could bring no piece to bear upon it which was sufficiently heavy, he sent orders to Colonel Berdan, to detail a squad of his most expert riflemen, to pick off any of the enemy who should attempt to work the monster instrument of death. That officer immediately sent for "California Joe," and three others, to whom he made known the task before them, and gave them the privilege of declining, if they were afraid, for a marksman becomes utterly useless if not entirely devoid of fear. All four, however, true and tried men as they were, were only too glad of the honor thus conferred upon them, and signified their readiness to move to the "front" at any moment.

That night, near twelve o'clock, the devoted four, led by "Joe," and well supplied with provisions and ammunition, took their departure from camp, and marched over toward the enemy's bristling batteries. At about nine hundred yards from the latter they halted, and, with the utmost caution and silence, dug four rifle-pits, each one some forty or fifty yards from the others. In these they lay quiet until after daylight, when, at an early hour, the dull booming of a gun, some distance to the left, told them that the strife was about to commence.

Our hero was instantly on the *qui vive*, and raising his powerful telescope to his eye, he narrowly scanned the vicinity in which was the gun, over which he and his companions were to keep a surveillance. As he did so, he caught sight of a rebel cannonier, cautiously advancing with a swab-rammer to clean out the piece, preparatory to its being loaded. Fearful of our sharpshooters, the cannonier had divested himself of everything that might serve as a mark, with the exception of the brass ornament upon the front of his cap. This was a fatal want of foresight, for the next instant "Joe" had his deadly rifle leveled directly at the ornament, and was about to pull, when a second thought struck him. Still keeping a "bead drawn on the doomed man," he allowed him to creep forward, raise the rammer, push it into the gun, and then, as he was about to withdraw it, the marksman touched his trigger, and the first victim of Yorktown fell, pierced directly through the brain.

Of course the swab-rammer remained in the piece, and rendered the latter useless until it could be withdrawn. With a determination and valor worthy of a better cause, man after man stepped forward to make the attempt, but without avail, for a ball from Joe's rifle, or one of his companions', scaled the rash act with death.

"Oh, sir," said "Joe," while narrating the circumstance, "my heart grew sick of such work. Toward the latter part of the battle, my three companions were killed by rebel sharpshooters, and I, alone, was left to continue the work of death. I had kept by me a little pine stick, on which I cut a notch each time I fired. This stick I filled, and cast it away after counting *fifty-nine* notches."

"But, perhaps," suggested we, "your ball did not strike its object each time.

"*I never miss, sir,*" was the reply, uttered in tones of pity and sorrow, rather than pride or exultation.

"Since morning," continued the speaker after a pause, "I had taken no refreshment, and, beginning to feel the want of it, I was obliged to cease firing. While eating, I cast occasional glances over at the big gun, which the rebels had managed, little by little, to load since the death of my companions. Suddenly I saw a soldier grasp the lanyard, and in an instant, dropping my cracker and morsel of meat, I instantly leveled my rifle at him and pulled. He fell, but, as he went down, he jerked the lanyard. The next instant a terrific explosion took place, and the enormous cannon, torn into fragments by the concussion, went flying high in air.

"My task was over, and as the shades of night began to fall, I made my way back to our lines, thankful that my life had been spared me."

A DARING SCOUT.

ROBERT TOBIN, COMPANY A, FIFTH OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

IMMEDIATELY subsequent to the departure of General George B. McClellan, to take command of the Army of the Potomac, his companion in arms, General Roscerans, assumed command in Western Virginia, or, speaking with more military precision, in the "Department of the Ohio."

It must still be fresh in the memory of the reader, with what caution and discretion the military arm of the Government had to be brought into use in the beginning of the present rebellion, and, consequently, what a terrible advantage the insurgents possessed. The position of the loyal portion of the Union, might aptly be compared to that of one of the olden Knights; gigantic in size, but destitute of sword, shield, or helmet, and set upon by an antagonist of only half

his size, but armed *cap-à-pie*. Naught save the extremest caution, and the discreetest use of his strength, could assure the victory to the former.

General Rosecrans, previous to starting from Grafton, to go to Parkersburg, made preparations for pushing matters rapidly and systematically in his department. On his front was the rebel General Wise, with a force, estimates of whose numbers were exceedingly various and conflicting.

At Parkersburg, on the Ohio river, from which point General Rosecrans intended to start on his expedition, the Fifth Ohio Volunteers were already stationed, under the command of their gallant Colonel, Dunning.

Since the Union disaster at Bull Run, General Wise had been bolder than usual in the Kanawha Valley, and it was thought that he intended some grand movement, of which, however, experience has since shown the blustering ex-Governor to have been perfectly innocent.

About the time of which we speak, a rebel deserter came into the Federal lines, and signified his willingness to take the oath of allegiance. To Colonel Dunning he imparted some secret information, which, if it was correct, would be of the greatest value to the Union commander, but which, on the other hand, if false, would lead to a heavy reverse.

In order, therefore, to make sure of the reliability of the deserter's statements, Colonel Dunning determined to dispatch a trusty scout, to ascertain, if possible, what weight might be attached to it.

There was only one man in his regiment whom his mind fixed on as the most fitting one for the hazardous errand, and he forthwith sent for him.

Colonel Dunning explained to Tobin what he wished him to attempt, and asked him if he thought he could accomplish it. It was to ascertain whether the rebels had massed large supplies at or near Charlestown, with the intention of making a forward movement across the Ohio.

"I don't know, Colonel," replied Tobin, on hearing the proposition, "whether I can do what you say you want done; but I can try, and I'm ready to start any time."

"Very well, Robert," was the Colonel's reply, "come up to my quarters at eleven o'clock to-night, and I will give you your final instructions."

At the appointed hour, our hero was promptly on hand, received his orders, and set off upon his perilous journey.

After making several very narrow escapes, he finally arrived safely at the town of Charlestown. From this point, however, we shall give his narrative exactly as he related it to his Colonel, while lying severely wounded in the hospital.

"As soon as I got into the place, I was asked to join the rebel army. I said yes, of course I would, but I wanted to settle some of my affairs before I enlisted. Then I came it over the foolish fellows so nicely, that they insisted on treating me, until I had to refuse flatly to drink any more, for fear I'd get intoxicated, and make a jack of myself.

"While there, I put on three or four disguises, and told three or four different stories, all the time picking up all I could hear and see. Two days were sufficient to lay the place open to me, and I found that General Wise was piling up a large quantity of commissary and other stores. I thought this was about all you'd want to know, so I got ready to make my way back.

"I didn't much like to leave the old town, however, without trying to do something for the reb's; so, obtaining entrance into the biggest warehouse there, I slyly dropped some fire balls,* in convenient spots, near oils and drugs, and things that would kindle easy.

"About eight o'clock, in the evening, there was an alarm of fire, and I, with all of the rest of the astonished inhabitants, and soldiers, hurried out to see the building burned down with all it contained. Everybody thought it was an accident, and expressed great sorrow at the occurrence, as it would stop some fine military movements that were about being made.

"My work being done so far, I started out of the town, but was challenged just as I thought I was clear. I didn't stop, however, but put spurs to my nag, and got a bullet in my back. That didn't stop me either, as you see for yourself, Colonel, but I had a hard time of it getting here, I tell you!"

This gallant act, performed thus fully, without doubt prevented a forward movement of the rebel army in the Kanawha Valley; and this, at least, saved hundreds of lives. For the next day our own forces were promptly put in motion, and by a little strategy, compelled the fiery General Wise to beat a precipitate retreat. Whether Tobin, the scout, who rendered this great service to the Union cause, ever received any reward therefor, we have not learned; but that he should, cannot be questioned.

* An incendiary composition, which, after lying a certain time, spontaneously ignites, by reason of the chemical action of the materials of which it is composed.

ONE SURROUNDING SIX.

JOHN McCARTY, COMPANY B, NINETY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

EARLY on the morning on which the memorable Seven Days' Battle opened, during the Peninsular campaign, a portion of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was ordered to take possession of a certain point, to reach which they were obliged to pass through a swamp. Promptly the detachment moved away on its errand, and plunged into the unexplored morass without the least hesitation. As they entered the marsh, they were descried by a Confederate officer, who, shrewdly guessing their intentions, despatched a full regiment to drive them back when they should attempt to come out of the swamp.

Entirely unsuspecting that they had attracted the attention of the enemy, our heroes waded through the slush and mud for more than a mile before attempting to land. Selecting a spot now, however, that seemed most to promise their freedom from discovery, the party turned their steps toward terra firma. Success thus far attended them, and Fortune smiled upon them. But, just as they supposed that they were about to accomplish the object for which they had come, their foes, rising suddenly from their concealment, poured upon the devoted band a storm of bullets.

Although thus surprised, the brave fellows of the Ninety-fifth quickly closed their decimated ranks and charged their antagonists. The fight was short and sharp, but proved in favor of the Pennsylvania boys, who, as soon as the foe began to waver before their bayonets, pressed them so closely that at last they retreated, fiercely pursued by the Ninety-fifth.

As they passed through a piece of woodland, six of their number filed off into a thicket, and hid themselves therein, so as to watch for any stragglers of the Zouaves, whom they intended to "gobble up." It was not long before they saw their first victim, John McCarty, Company B, Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, coming, limping at a half double quick, up the road. Allowing him to come so near that retreat would be impossible, these ambushed heroes sprang out from their concealment, ordered him to halt, and then demanded his surrender. McCarty surveyed the group for a moment in silence, and then, with a smile, advanced to the foremost of the rebels, extending his hand and exclaiming:

"Arrah, Jemmy, an' is it yerself thot's thurned rebel, jest?"

As McCarty had brought his piece from a charge to a trail, the Confederates thought that he would surrender, especially as he seemed to know their leader. The latter, much surprised at finding himself thus addressed in so friendly a manner, and perhaps relying too much on the presence of five armed comrades, was thrown off his guard. Our hero, stepping briskly up to the rebel to whom he had spoken, and who was a sergeant, made a motion as though to give up his musket. But, quick as thought, he threw the piece upon the ground, and, whipping out a long, ugly-looking knife, seized the rebel, and exclaimed:

"Surrinder! or be jabbers I'll kill yees!"

These words had no sooner been uttered than the astonished comrades of the captured man clapped their muskets to their shoulders, and would have fired but for the reason that McCarty, by a quick jerk, placed his captive between them and himself. McCarty was a large, powerful man, and handled his prisoner, who was a small man, with such vigor as to cause the latter's musket to fly out of his hands.

"Now, thin!" exclaimed the bold Irishman, giving his victim a terrible shake, and pressing his knife's point close to his heart, "ordher thim murtherin' spalpeens to fire off their paces intil the air, an' be divilish quick about it now!"

The rebel sergeant felt the keen point of McCarty's weapon pressing upon his breast, and, in tones by no means firm, he gave the required order, and the five muskets of his men were discharged.

"Now make 'em stack thim paces and march twinty paces this way," ordered McCarty, pushing his knife's point fairly into his prisoner's flesh.

The requisite command was promptly given and obeyed, though rather slowly, the rebels scowling at both their sergeant and McCarty.

Just as they passed the latter, he stooped quickly, took up his own loaded musket, and, pushing his prisoner toward his companions, ordered the whole six to march, and threatened, with rather a round oath, to shoot the first man who disobeyed.

Without further accident, our hero reached camp, preceded by his unwilling captives, whom he delivered over to the proper officer.

Upon being questioned as to the manner in which he had managed to take these six men, McCarty exclaimed:

"Why, sure sir, I surrounded the spalpeens, then av coorse bagged them jest."

A little more explanation was needed, how one man could surround six, and when McCarty told his story in full, the officers who listened to him enjoyed a hearty laugh over his ideas of surrounding. He was, however, immediately rewarded with the "stripes," and no newly-starred Major-General was ever more proud of his rank, than McCarty is of being called by his comrades, "Brave Sergeant McCarty."

A REAL HERO.

—
SERGEANT JOSEPH GRIFFITH, TWENTY-SECOND IOWA VOLUNTEERS.
—

SINCE recording the account of the gallant action at Vicksburg, of the Twenty-second Iowa Regiment, which will be found on a preceding page, we have received the narrative of a magnificent act of bravery, performed by Sergeant Joseph Griffith, of the same regiment. At first sight, it would seem to clash somewhat with the previous story; but a little consideration shows that, amidst the terrible confusion of the assault the present incident escaped notice at the moment, and that, instead of all the last fifteen, who were seen to sink at the fire of the enemy, being killed or taken prisoners, *one* of them escaped. And not only escaped, but actually captured thirteen of his foes, marched them over their own ramparts, and delivered them safely at the headquarters of his division, in the presence of Lieutenant Colonel Warmoth, of General McClelland's staff, who vouches for the truthfulness of the fact.

The Twenty-second, as we have said elsewhere, headed a charge against the enemy's works, and pushed their way to the crest of the embankment, where, in planting their standard, they were all killed or wounded except fifteen. Among these fifteen was Sergeant Griffith. A deliberately aimed volley from the rebels brought the whole remnant of the heroic regiment to the earth. Griffith, however, was struck by a ball, whose force was nearly destroyed by passing through a comrade, and consequently he was only stunned. By the time that his assailants had sprung forward to obtain the fallen standard and other trophies, he recovered, and, starting to his feet, confronted them with his loaded musket, and a revolver, which was also charged.

Their surprise, and the fact of their pieces being empty, coupled with Griffith's energetic assurance that he would shoot them in detail

if they did not forthwith surrender, doubtless induced them to yield without parley, and their heroic captor, as we have said, marched them from off their own ramparts, all the way into the Union lines, where they were delivered up in the presence of the staff officer we have named.

Surely, if there be a commission vacant in the Army of the Mississippi, it should be at once given to Sergeant Joseph Griffith, the gallant Iowan.

A BRAVE COLONEL.

COLONEL J. RICHTER JONES, FIFTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

DURING the continuance of the war, so many stirring actions of minor importance have occurred, that it would seem impossible to select any one more striking than another; but the deed we are about to record is an exception.

Very early in the morning of the Twenty-second of May last, Colonel Jones set out from Kingston, North Carolina, to destroy, if possible, a formidable work which had been erected by the rebels, on the margin of Gum Swamp, and from which it was their intention to operate against the command of Major-General Foster. The latter General, having every confidence in the ability and gallantry of Colonel Jones, placed under his command the following force: Fifth, Twenty-fifth, and Forty-sixth Massachusetts Regiments of Infantry, three pieces of Bogg's battery, and a battalion of cavalry.

Rapidly, but with caution, the little column marched toward the point to be carried, and, it must be acknowledged, with some misgivings; for the enemy's position was of such immense strength that nothing short of a heavy siege seemed capable of reducing it. But Colonel Jones had matured a plan of operations as bold as they were successful, and, with a reticence which it would be well for some of our high-graded Generals to observe, he did not explain the plans to his brother officers until he had them on the field, and ready to proceed in the execution thereof.

As we have said, the rebel fortification was most skillfully and substantially constructed. It was secured on three sides, by all the arts that military engineering could devise, while on the fourth, its defenders thought it amply defended by the still more secure work of Nature—Gum Swamp.

But they had not calculated on the indomitable character of at least one Union commander.

Before reaching the picket line of the enemy, Colonel Jones explained to the officers who accompanied him, that while he intended them, with their respective commands, to make a strong demonstration on the front of the works, he, with the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, and his own regiment, the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, intended to pierce the dreary recesses of the swamp, and attack in the rear. He had calculated to a nicety how long it would take him to get his command through the morass, and so ordered the attack in front that it would be simultaneous with his own.

Instantly the brilliancy of the design struck Jones' companions in arms, and they entered upon the performance of their part with great enthusiasm. Colonel Pierson was assigned to command the attack.

Colonel Jones immediately started, with the two regiments we have referred to, and was soon making his way through the murky fens, that had, most likely, never before been disturbed by a human foot. It was a terrible march through that dismal morass, but the troops were fired with the same spirit as their indomitable leader, and right gallantly did they push forward.

Notwithstanding their utmost exertions, however, they were behind time, and, during the latter portion of their dreary march, the sullen roar of Pierson's cannon fell constantly on their ears.

"Come on, boys, a little faster," cheered Jones to his men, "or we'll miss the fight."

And faster did the men tramp through the oozy mud. They knew that the battle was raging, and they were anxious to come in to insure victory. At length the distant roar of Pierson's cannon ceased altogether, and Jones began to fear that there would be a miscarriage of his plan. But Colonel Pierson had promised not to give way entirely until he heard from him, and he knew that if his gallant comrade still lived, that promise would be kept.

Finally, firm ground was reached, and with fresh vigor, the little column, with Jones at its head, made off at almost a run for the rebel entrenchments. A position was gained, a piece unlimbered and charged, and then being sighted fairly at the unsuspecting Confederates, was discharged. The heavy roar of the gun had not fairly ceased vibrating, when, like the voice of one calling from a distance, came an answering boom from Pierson's cannon. He had heard Jones' thundering announcement of success, and he hastened to reply.

A few rounds, each charge echoed by Pierson's battery, and then

Colonel Jones ordered a bayonet charge straight on the works of the foe.

With loudly ringing huzzas, the two representative regiments of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts valor, rushed like a whirlwind upon the entrenched foe. The latter broke and fled in wild disorder, and all who were not taken prisoners, made their escape into and through the adjoining swamp, by paths known only to themselves.

The triumph was complete, and Colonel Jones, destroying everything of any value to the rebels, took up his march for the Union lines. He had no more than reached the outermost of these, however, when he was fiercely attacked by the Confederates, who, reinforced from Goldsborough, and burning with rage, that their tremendously strong position had been so completely and easily destroyed by the unparalleled strategy and bravery of Colonel Jones, were determined to kill or capture his whole command. But the gallant Pennsylvanian was again master of the situation, and, posting his men, he repulsed the foe with great slaughter, until reinforced by General Foster. Then he took the offensive, and was leading the charge, when a bullet pierced his heart, and he fell dead into the arms of his Orderly, Michael Webber, who was devotedly attached to his commander, and equally as brave.

Colonel J. Richter Jones, like Marco Bozarris, died even as the exultant hurrah of his heroic soldiers told of the second victory he and they had won.

CAPTURING A HOWITZER.

LIEUT. WELLS, COMPANY I, FIFTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

WE have become so accustomed to read of making a dash, capturing a gun, or flanking a regiment, that it has become almost uninteresting. But if the reader could behold the amount of horror and blood that crowds itself into one of these "little affairs," his ideas upon the matter would doubtless quickly change.

The one we refer to occurred at the battle of Gum Swamp, North Carolina, where the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania played a conspicuous part.

For some time the enemy had considerably annoyed the advancing column of Colonel Pierson, who attacked their works in front, by a well-directed fire from a howitzer. This piece they turned

upon Colonel Jones' command, as soon as they discovered the presence of the latter, and its terrible volleys of lead and iron were as disagreeable to the Fifty-eighth, as it had been to Pierson's command. Seeing that the capture of the cannon was a necessity, Colonel Jones ordered a charge of one or two companies to effect the purpose.

Company I led the way, and Lieutenant Wells led the company. Swerving neither to right nor left to avoid the terrible missiles of death that hurtled and hissed around him, he charged at a double quick for the gun, not waiting to see whether his company was within supporting distance or not.

Strange to say, he reached the piece unharmed, and, bounding upon it, he stood upon the howitzer, and cheered his men on to the charge. Of course he instantly became the object of a hundred rebel rifles, and as many bullets were sent vengefully at him, to strike him down from the bold position he had taken. But still his good fortune prevailed, and not a single ball struck him, while they did considerable execution among his men.

Such daring bravery could not but be successful, and Lieutenant Wells took the howitzer, and brought it to Major-General Foster's Chief of Artillery, from whom he received due credit. It was indeed a gallant achievement, and shows that the sons of the old Keystone State nobly maintain her honor on every field in which they represent her.

A CAVALRY DUEL.

SERGEANT JOB CURRY, FIRST VERMONT VOLUNTEERS.

ON the thirtieth of last May, Mosby, the somewhat noted rebel cavalry officer in Virginia, suddenly attacked a train of cars near Catlett's Station. He had with him two hundred men and a howitzer. He was successful in his object, breaking up the cars, and firing a shot completely through the locomotive, from his howitzer. The guard aboard, however, escaped, and quickly gave the alarm.

In about fifteen minutes after the rebels had departed, General Stahl had a detachment of troops on the spot where the locomotive stood. Finding that Mosby had fled, Colonel Mann, the indefatigable leader of the pursuit, started after the commissioned guerilla.

He came up with them two miles from Greenwich, where they had

taken a very strong position. Without delay, the Colonel charged them, and, after a short but spirited contest, drove them back. The howitzer of Mosby's command was under charge of a Captain Hastings, late of the British Army, who, though joined to the cause of the unholy rebellion, was nevertheless a very brave man. With a few men he stood determined at his post, and gave our pursuers much trouble.

Burning with the desire to capture this annoying piece, the subject of our sketch, Job Curry, charged forward, and was soon engaged hand to hand with the squad of Confederates, who had stuck by Captain Hastings. Had he not received support quickly, he would not have lived many minutes, but his comrades rushed after him, and diverted the attention of his foes. By some means or other, he and a mounted rebel became separated from the general melee, and engaged in a single-handed combat.

Both were well mounted, both excellent horsemen, and both still retained their sabres. But, whereas the rebel cavalryman was still unharmed, our hero was painfully wounded through the left leg.

For some minutes the contest continued, each endeavoring to avoid and inflict deadly strokes and thrusts with their long, heavy blades. At last Job perceived an advantage, and in an instant he plunged his weapon through the body of his opponent, who, as he sank down, made a final thrust at his foeman, inflicting what at first seemed to be a small wound on the right side of the neck.

Job had no sooner rid himself of his antagonist, before he wheeled his steed, determined to join in the conflict over the gun. But that was done and the piece taken. Riding back close to the captured howitzer, he stooped from his saddle, and patted it with the words:

"You'll do some service for the Union, now."

As he spoke, a torrent of blood gushed from his neck, and he fell upon the cannon. His comrades lifted him and laid him gently on the green sward, where he died in a few moments after. His wound had been inflicted so close to the carotid artery, that the exertion of bending from his horse had ruptured this great channel of life. As his eyes were closing in their final slumber, he extended his hand toward the rebel howitzer, and murmured some inarticulate words about "Country and Union." But he was too far gone to be understood, and, as his powerless arm sank into clay at his side, he fell into the lines of that shadowy King who recruits only for the other world.

A PRODIGY OF VALOR.

JOHN McMAKIN, COMPANY K, TWENTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

THE wars of other nations have generally been carried on on such a small scale, when compared with the gigantic contest which agitates our own Republic, that battles and actions, which, in the former case, have challenged the intensest astonishment and admiration, scarcely receive more than a passing notice in the latter. Indeed, the valorous exploits performed by Richard the Lion Heart and his fellow Knights, that in our younger years we read with the belief that to excel them was impossible, have been duplicated over and over again, and even surpassed, during the American Rebellion.

The incident we are about to record, occurred at the battle of Belmont, fought by General Grant, on the 6th of November, 1861. The General sought, by this movement, to prevent the enemy from reinforcing Price, who, it will be remembered, was at that time operating in Missouri. Grant had so ordered the motions of several other columns of troops as to completely deceive the rebels into the erroneous belief that a powerful attack was about to be made upon Columbus, Kentucky. In this he was successful, and consequently won for his own little column all the advantages of a surprise.

Early on the morning of the 7th, landing just beyond range of the heavy guns of the rebel fortifications, Grant, after leaving a reserve of one battalion with his transports, hurried on toward the Confederate encampment, near Belmont. About two miles away they met him and began to contest his advance; but it was all useless, and his gallant fellows drove their astonished foes before them with heavy slaughter, until, in wild disorder, they broke and fled, leaving their camp, with everything in it, in possession of the victors.

Elated with their success, the Union troops became, to a great degree, unmanageable, scattering hither and thither in search of spoils or captives. While thus engaged, their foes, with the greatest promptitude, hurried forward heavy reinforcements, which were quietly marched across the country so as to completely cut them off from their transports, and thus insure their capture.

The moment Grant learned the design of the enemy, he ordered the captured camp to be fired, in which way alone he was enabled to drive out his own men, and recall them to a sense of their peril.

In justice to the brave fellows, however, we must mention that the instant they heard of their being cut off, they at once became orderly, and, forming in their respective positions, they prepared to cut their way back to their boats.

1 They were quickly on the march, and soon encountered the rebels, who, thinking that the little band of heroes would become an easy prey, threw themselves upon them with wild shouts of enthusiasm. But they had mistaken their men, and, after a short contest, were driven back. Again and again they endeavored to accomplish their object, but only to fail continually. Yet this steady success on the part of the Federal troops was only bought at the expense of the most magnificent heroism; and deeds of valor were crowded into the bloody drama, until distinction for any one individual became almost an impossibility. We think, however, that none will be wronged when we assign the first honor to the subject of this sketch, John McMakin, Company K, Twenty-seventh Illinois Volunteers.

While the heat of the battle was at its highest, this noble fellow, supposing that all the Federal force must surrender or be cut to pieces, resolved to accomplish something which might entitle him to honor, or give him a glorious death. So, watching his opportunity, he caught a riderless steed, and mounting him, dashed forward into the rebel lines, making toward their first standard, with the determination of capturing it. By one of those strange fatalities for which it has always been impossible to account, McMakin, cutting down his foemen right and left, actually reached the rebel flag, seized it, and was bringing it triumphantly away, when his horse sank dead under him, thus leaving him in the midst of his enraged enemies.

Death seemed inevitable, and yet McMakin kept free from harm. Some good angel must surely have protected the hero, for, with the exception of a few bruises and cuts, he fought his way back, still bearing the captured flag, until he received help from a company of the Seventh Iowa Volunteers, who, noticing his splendid valor, went rushing with the most enthusiastic cheers to his rescue. Strange to say, just as succor came to him, he was felled to the earth by a blow from the stock of a musket, and sank, apparently to be trampled to death by the feet of both friends and foes. Still a pet of Fortune, however, he had not more than reached the ground ere three or four fell on and around him, thus forming a rampart of defence, which completely secured him from further injury.

For a short time the contest for the rebel standard raged madly above him, when finally the Confederates, after tearing the flag in

half, fled, leaving the pole and one-half the bunting in the possession of the Seventh Iowa company.

McMakin was not seriously hurt, and soon recovering, was helped forward by his rescuers, who, with that disinterested generosity which always marks true soldiers, gave the captured remnant of the rebel flag into his keeping, saying that he was most entitled to it.

A BUCKTAIL BOY.

WILLIAM LANSING, COMPANY F, "BUCKTAIL RIFLES," OF PENNSYLVANIA.

ON the 20th of December, 1861, this celebrated regiment of volunteers, together with General Ord's Brigade and Easton's Artillery, proceeded in the direction of Drainesville, Virginia, having in view the two-fold object of foraging and reconnoitering.

Upon reaching Thornton's House, a short distance from Drainesville, the command was fired upon by the rebels, who were in ambush in the woods that lined both sides of the road. The column was, of course, instantly halted, and formed properly to engage the enemy, who kept up a brisk firing from a battery of six pieces and all their musketry.

The Federal guns, one twenty-four, and two twelve pounder howitzers, were quickly in position, and returned the iron hail that shrieked around them with full interest, while the Bucktails, each of whom was a capital marksman, steadily sent in their deadly volleys wherever any of the rebels showed themselves.

But, as the foes were well concealed, it at once became apparent that the bayonet would have to be resorted to, for the purpose of driving them from their covert. Accordingly, the charge was sounded, and into the dense woods dashed the Bucktails and their brave comrades, where they encountered the rebels hand to hand. In those sombre forest aisles occurred many a desperate combat; for brave men fought with all their bravery, in mistaken zeal for the unholy cause of the rebellion, and lives were quenched only after their possessors had accomplished prodigies of valor.

William Lansing, of whom we write, had fired all his rounds, when suddenly he found himself encountered by three stalwart rebels, who demanded his surrender. This he refused, and, assuming an attitude of stern defiance, awaited his death, for he thought that their pieces were loaded. They were not, however, and his

would-be captors attempted to kill him with their bayonets. Instantly hope sprang up within him, and, quickly throwing himself on guard, he prepared to defend himself with his own piece.

Fortunately he had been an attentive scholar in the bayonet exercise, as taught by General McClellan, and his knowledge and judgment soon placed him on an equality with his three antagonists, whom he quickly forced to "guard" themselves instead of pushing him. They were all powerful and resolute men, however, and, by continually keeping him in motion, they hoped to tire him out, and thus kill or capture him.

The combat went on for several minutes, and, as yet, although they had received several ugly prods from his weapon, our hero's assailants had not been lucky or skilful enough to return the compliment.

At last, fearing that longer delay might cause their own capture by the Union troops, who were driving the rebels before them, Lansing's three enemies endeavored to accomplish their object by allowing one of their number to load his musket, while the other two kept their intended victim fully employed. Lansing perceived the plan, and coolly prepared, if possible, to baffle it, for in case he did not, he knew he must fall.

The rebel who was loading, got his cartridge rammed, threw the rammer on the ground, and was feeling for a percussion cap. At this moment, which was one of intense anxiety to Lansing, the latter, by a quick, double parry, threw aside the weapons of the two who were engaging him, and dashed like lightning upon the one who was loading. The fated rebel sought to save himself, but it was too late; and he sank lifeless to the earth, thrust through the neck by our hero's bayonet. Instantly facing about, Lansing caught the foremost of his remaining assailants directly on the breast, and he, too, fell with a groan, to rise no more.

By this time, the Bucktail Boy's comrades were close at hand, and the third rebel, thinking it more prudent to fly than to fight, started in rapid retreat. But Lansing instantly pursued him, and, speedily overtaking him, pinned him to the earth, as he refused to ask for quarter.

The latter fact struck Lansing as so strange, that he was induced to search the dead man, under the supposition that he would find good reason for the rebel's obstinacy. His idea proved correct, for, concealed in the clothing of the corpse, he found several papers, which showed that the bearer had, without doubt, been a most expert and dangerous spy. One of these papers contained plans and

other information relative to the strength and position of the Union army, which would have been of the utmost value to the rebels had they obtained possession of it.

Our hero was promptly rewarded for his bravery, in the only manner which is acceptable to the faithful soldier.

A BRAVE SAILOR.

CHARLES S. BOND, SEAMAN, U. S. TRANSPORT OCEAN EXPRESS.

SINCE the War of the Revolution, which developed, to a great extent, the naval ability and superiority of the American nation, we have steadily been progressing upon the ocean, until at last we have taken the lead of all nations thereon. And this, not alone in the construction of vessels, nor their machinery, nor armament, but also in the material of which we compose their crews. Daring, cool, and brave, the American sailor has shown himself at sea to be the same unflinching hero that the American soldier has shown himself to be on land. And the only thing that ever marred either, has been the mutual disagreement, or jealousy, which, until the present rebellion broke forth, might be characterized as real animosity and contempt.

This unwise and hurtful feeling has been, however, almost totally dissipated during the last two years, by the judicious judgment of such naval commanders as Admiral Porter, and such military officers as Generals Grant and Keyes, who have striven continually to destroy it, by giving to the opposite arms of the service full praise and credit for their co-operation in making or repelling attacks. The result is, the almost total annihilation of the old and dangerous rivalry, and the harmonious working together of the land and naval forces, to the attainment of one grand end.

Of the many expeditions that have been fitted out by the Government, for the purpose of capturing and holding points of value and importance along the rebellion's coast, none was, perhaps, grander or more momentous in its objects, than that which was sent to Port Royal, South Carolina. Besides a number of vessels of war, it had many transports for the conveyance of troops, stores, horses, and other things pertaining to the enterprise. Of course it would be impossible for such an undertaking to be perfectly free from accidents and mishaps, and, among others that happened, was the wrecking of two transports, *The Union* and *The Ocean Express*. The former

laden with horses, was driven ashore at Rogue's Beach. The crew, seventy-three in number, were all saved, and sent as prisoners to Raleigh, North Carolina, by the rebels.

The Ocean Express, carrying a large amount of ammunition, was wrecked, during the gale, on Kill Devil Shoals. The sea was running mountain high as the unfortunate vessel struck the terrible reefs which were so appropriately named, and was shattered at almost the first blow. But her heroic crew, undaunted by the fury of the tempest, instantly prepared to reach the shore if possible.

Among those who most distinguished themselves for coolness and fortitude on this trying occasion, was Charles S. Bond, a common seaman, who utterly refused to leave the battered and sinking transport until all his comrades were safely placed in the boats. All went well until just as Bond was about to follow the last two of the crew into a boat. At this moment a tremendous sea swept him and them overboard, and drove the boat nearly one hundred yards away.

All three were good swimmers, however, and struck out manfully for the boats the moment they caught sight of them. The latter saw and tried to reach them, but were unable to make any headway, and, after repeated failures to do so, they pushed for land, giving up all hope of rescuing the poor, daring fellows." One of these, when he beheld the boats thus leaving them, gave up in despair, and throwing up his hands, was sinking, when Bond grasped him, and bade him cheer up and try to make the shore by swimming, promising to help him. Thus encouraged, the drowning man took courage, and struck out with his comrades for the beach. It was, indeed, a terrible struggle, billow after billow rolling over the devoted mariners and seeking to engulf them for ever.

At about half the distance, Bond's other companion began to give out, and again the noble fellow sought to encourage him also to fresh effort, although he was well nigh exhausted himself. But apparently in vain, until at last, as they rose on the top of a wave, Bond's quick eye noticed several boats putting out toward them.

"They see us, lads!" shouted he, in a hoarse, choking voice, "and the boats are coming! Swim a little more!"

The unfortunate men had been seen, and lusty arms were now bending trusty oars for their rescue.

"Pull, men! they're all together; pull! Pull like the d—l! and we'll soon get there!" commanded he who stood in the bow of the foremost boat and watched the swimmers.

Like beautiful birds, the rescuing boats flew over billow and



“As a dozen bayonets pierced his body, however, he drove his own weapon, by a tremendous effort, into the ground before him, and thus pinned the sacred banner to the earth.”—*See Page 62.*

wave. But they were yet some distance away, when, unable longer to keep up, in spite of the knowledge that help was at hand, Bond's two companions began to sink for the last time, bidding him farewell as they were going down.

Though ready to sink himself, Bond's noble generosity would not allow him to see his comrades die without one more effort for their rescue, and so, grasping one in each hand, he actually sustained them by "treading water," a motion made by the feet, which merely keeps the swimmer up without giving him progression.

The boats were presently near at hand, and friendly voices shouted words of cheer and encouragement.

Nearer they came, and Bond could see the features of the men standing up in the foremost boat, while the latter could see that Bond's mouth was wide open, gasping for breath.

"Here we are, Bond!" called out the man, leaning forward, "here we are! hold out half a minute, my boy!" "A little more to larboard! so, steady! steady!" These latter words to the steersman.

A few more yards, and the saving boat shot up to the fast-failing man, who, though nearly gone, still held up his insensible companions.

"Ship larboard oars!" cried the man standing in the first boat's bow, as throwing himself on his knees, and stretching forth his strong arm, he seized Bond by the hair, and dragged him half into the boat. Two of the crew at the same moment grasped the other two, who seemed to be already dead.

"God bless you!" said Bond, faintly, with a gurgling gasp, and then sank into insensibility.

The boats were immediately headed for the shore, on reaching which, restoratives were promptly applied, and all three of our heroes brought to consciousness. Bond met with lavish praise from all for his noble and self-sacrificing heroism; even his rebel captors joining his own comrades in admiration at his gallant act.

A TRUE COMRADE.

LEWIS BRINTON, COMPANY A, FIRST CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS.

ALTHOUGH many more sanguinary battles have been fought since the unfortunate one at Ball's Bluff, yet the remembrance of that bloody event still remains freshly in the public mind. The same

old tale of some one blundering, and the same terrible reports of fearful slaughter, and unparalleled bravery and devotion on the part of the victims.

It was there that the warrior statesman, Colonel E. D. Baker, offered up his life upon his country's altar, with all the noble enthusiasm of his enthusiastic nature.

He had infused his own spirit into the men under his command, and many, very many, were the splendid deeds performed during the battle that proved fatal to so many brave hearts.

It is unnecessary here to repeat the horrors that attended the retreat of the Union forces, in consequence of there being inadequate transportation across the swollen river, whose rushing, chilling waves swallowed up alike the wounded, and dying, and well, who were capsized from clumsy, overloaded rafts to one common death.

On one of these rafts were over a hundred men, while there was not really room for thirty. The frail concern had, with careful management, reached the middle of the river, when, by some unseen accident, it lurched to one side, and threw its precious freight, with one or two exceptions, all into the cold, rapid current. Many, clasping each other in that fatal embrace which dying persons give each other, sank immediately, to be washed ashore miles below, and buried, or left to the vultures, as chance might will it. Others struggled longer, and held on to life's thread until some ruder wave than the rest snapped it asunder, and they, too, drowned. Some shrieked, others cursed, and others gurgled away their last breath in prayer.

A few succeeded in gaining the shore, after a terrible struggle with the river, which roared the more angrily that they thus escaped.

This dark scene of horror had its bright spots, however, and the one we intend to narrate shines with the most beautiful lustre of humanity and heroism.

Lewis Brinton, upon being thrown from the raft, started with some others for the shore, which, being an excellent swimmer, and withal possessed of cool judgment, he reached with comparative ease. While all these unfortunate men were thus buffeting for their lives, and, of course, unable to make any sign of surrender, the victorious rebels showered volley after volley of bullets among them, until ordered to cease by a Confederate officer, more humane than his superiors.

Brinton, himself, was luckily unharmed by the whistling balls, but many of his companions were killed and wounded. As he

stood upon the shore, unwilling to continue his retreat until his comrades were all safely landed, this noble soldier re-entered the river, and, standing up to his waist in water, assisted several ashore. While thus engaged, one poor fellow, who had been wounded by a sharpshooter in the shoulder, called to him, and begged him to come and help him, as he was drowning.

Though the latter was a hundred yards out in the river, and fast failing, yet Brinton, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the icy current, and struck out toward his comrade, who was nearly exhausted when he reached him. Brinton grasped him, and then started for the shore. His companion, being as brave as himself, did not attempt to take hold of his rescuer, but assisted himself as much as possible, assuring his preserver that if he could not reach the bank, he would go down rather than endanger his life. Brinton, on the other hand, determined that he would not leave his wounded friend until he could no longer keep him up.

After a fearful struggle, in which both were several times submerged, the heroic rescuer and his comrade got safely to shore, where the former bound up the latter's wound with bandages made of his own shirt.

He had scarcely finished his Samaritan task, however, when a fresh cry of distress fell upon his ears. Looking up, he noticed another comrade who had nearly reached the bank, but who was so suddenly cramped as to be unable to swim but a little while longer. Again, without an instant's pause, Brinton plunged into the river, and, after a fresh struggle for life, succeeded in bringing this other drowning man safely to land.

Upon coming out, however, he was so exhausted himself as to be scarcely able to stand. But, adhering to his original determination, he waited until the last one of the retreating regiment was safely ashore, and then, together with them, he continued his flight toward camp.

His over-exertion and exposure proved too much for him, and a day or two later he fell ill, was sent home, and there died. There were at least two hearts who truly mourned with his dear old mother, as the patriot hero, Lewis Brinton, was laid gently away in the tomb, to sleep, undisturbed forever by the cannon's deep roar, or the bugle's shrill blast.

A PERILOUS EXPLOIT.

ELIAS H. DURAND, COMPANY G, TWENTY-SEVENTH IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

ONE of the first objects that General Grant had in view after defeating the Confederate army at Jackson, Mississippi, was to destroy the bridge that spanned the Big Black river, and thus cut off all communication between Johnson's forces and those of Vicksburg. For this purpose, General Osterhaus, with his veteran troops, supported by General Carr's division, was ordered forward to drive Pemberton into his fortifications.

The movement was so promptly made by the Union commander, that Pemberton and his army were taken completely by surprise, and ere they could post themselves properly to meet the impetuous attack, they were driven back with heavy loss, especially in artillery and prisoners. Of the latter, General Lawler's Brigade captured more than they themselves numbered.

But if the rebel commander was surprised, the Federal General was more so, for, instead of such an easy victory he had expected a hard fought contest. And singular to say, that as the affair turned out it directly reversed, for the time, the object for which he had advanced. That is, in place of destroying the bridge, it now became his object to preserve it, in order that he might pursue the thoroughly demoralized enemy. The latter, however, the moment they crossed the bridge, fired it in several parts, so as to insure its complete destruction, while the Federals made strong efforts to save it.

Conspicuous among the latter was Elias H. Durand, of whom we write. Noticing a six pounder that had been deserted by the foe, too hurriedly to permit even of its being fired or spiked, he sprang to it, and, turning it by himself upon a group of rebels on the bridge, sighted it with the utmost coolness and precision, and fired.

The double charge of grape was well aimed, and, as the heroic gunner sprang upon the piece to see the effect of his discharge, a yell of triumph from his comrades rang out upon the air. Of the rebel group all but two lay dead or dying on the timber they were endeavoring to kindle. Twice more did our impromptu artilleryman—who, it must be stated, did not belong to that arm of the service—load, sight, and fire the captured piece, and each time with the most fearful effect upon the enemy. As at first, he leaped upon the gun

to see what his shot had effected; but by this time he had attracted the notice of a Mississippi sharpshooter, who instantly leveled his deadly rifle upon the brave fellow.

The next moment, Durand was seen to stagger and fall, and it was supposed that he was killed. But he was not to be so easily "*put out of the ring*," as he afterwards remarked to his surgeon. At the instant that the rebel sharpshooter had pulled his trigger, Durand partially turned himself, and steadying himself upon the rammer of the piece, he was just in the act of leaping down to load again. The well-directed rifle-ball struck the rammer, and, splintering it, then passed into Durand's left shoulder, just below the clavicle, or shoulder bone, and lodged a little above the inferior edge of the scapula, or blade bone.

He found that he could not use his arm, and therefore could not reload the six pounder. Determined, however, to continue the battle, he made his way down to the bridge, which was now more than half consumed, and seizing an axe from the hands of a dying pioneer, pressed forward with his brave comrades to assist in staying the progress of the flames. As he jostled forward his shoulder gave him dreadful pain; but, like a true hero, he pushed on until a piece of shell, fired from our own artillery, and falling short of its mark, wounded his remaining arm severely.

Then seeing that he was no longer of any service, but rather a hindrance, he commenced his retreat. After getting clear of the masses of soldiers who were immediately by the bridge, he was met by an officer who halted him, and asked why he was flying.

"Flying, sir," he replied, with pardonable vehemence, "flying! Why it is as much as I can do to creep along, let alone fly! See this hole through my shoulder, and this shell mark in my other arm?"

The blood was flowing rapidly from his arm, and he must soon have fallen from weakness had not the officer, appreciating the bravery of the noble fellow, dismounted and bound up the wounded limb with his own hands. He then gave him directions how to reach the hospital, and promised to have him promoted for his gallantry.

Durand is still in the hospital, but has nearly recovered from his wounds, and only awaits the moment when he may again join battle with the enemies of his country. His bravery was fully appreciated, for, on hearing his narrative, and learning also that he had served ten years in the old regular army, his commander had him commissioned a second lieutenant of artillery.

A SAILOR SCOUT.

ROBERT D. HAZLETT, U. S. GUNBOAT YANKEE.

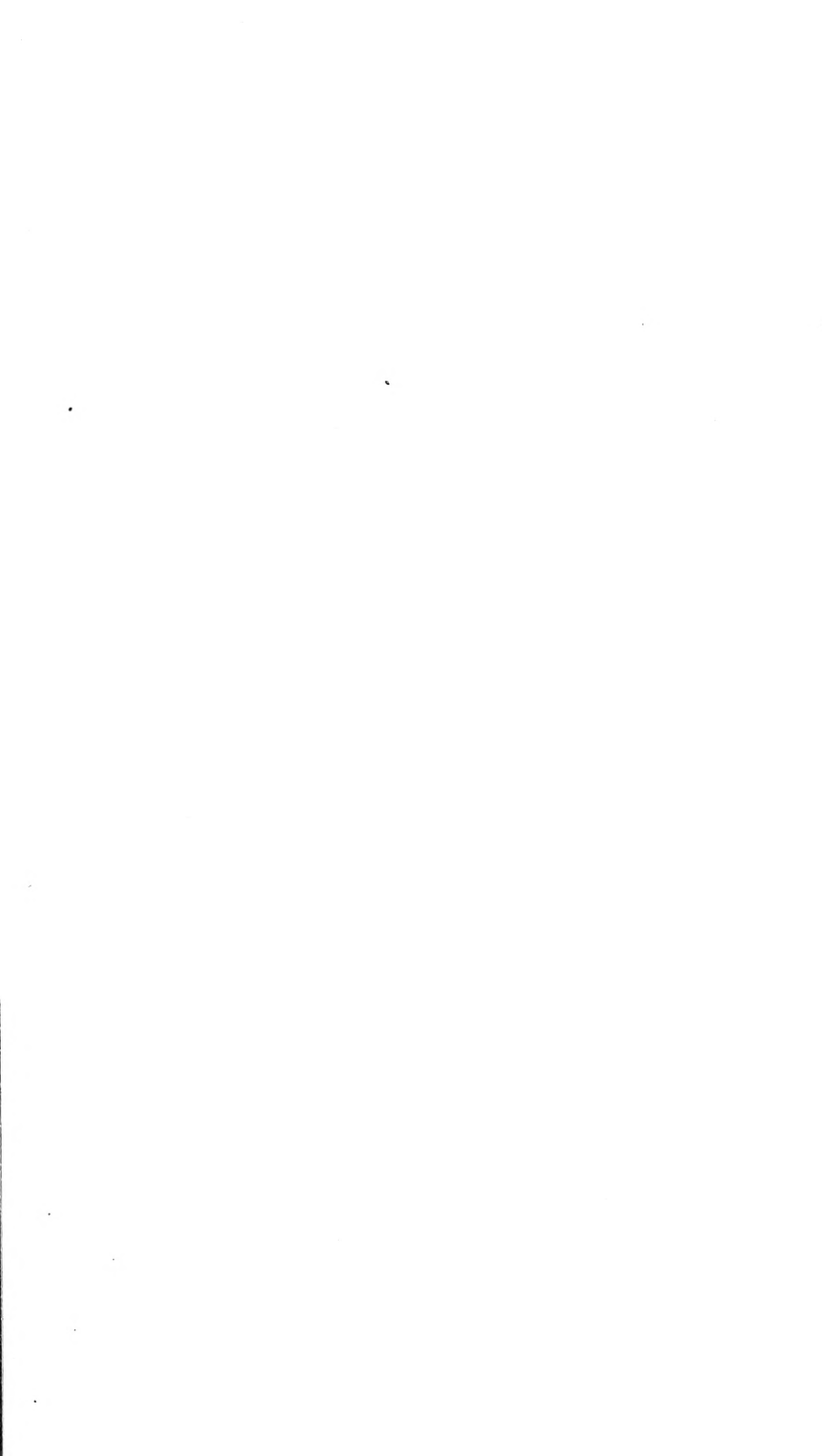
THE blockade of the Potomac river by rebel batteries, during the winter of 1860 and 1861, was, at that time, a matter of grave annoyance. And not only then, but also since, it has been made the subject of the most severe strictures upon the efficiency of the military authorities then in command at Washington. But it has been satisfactorily settled that, although it was so annoying, this rebel blockade was in reality an assistance to the plans of the Union commander, then being matured. True, had we been possessed of a navy, such as we have to-day, not a single battery could ever have been erected upon the banks of that classic river. As it was, however, good to an inconceivable extent followed, for it was at the repeated and earnest solicitations of General McClellan, that the celebrated Monitor was completed and launched, *fully a fortnight before the time specified by her builders*, for the purpose of clearing these batteries and making a reconnoissance up to Richmond. She was thus in time to meet and conquer the Merrimac, the monster which otherwise would have destroyed our whole wooden navy, and shelled Washington itself, or any port she might have chosen to enter.

Most prominent among the Potomac flotilla, at the time of which we write, were the two gunboats, Yankee and Stepping Stones, each of which vessels earned for themselves quite a notoriety among the rebels, and consequently received the greatest attention from the latter's gunners.

Aboard the Yankee there was a tall, thin man, Robert D. Hazlett by name, who was a true specimen of the American sailor. He had been in the service more than fifteen years, and was so thoroughly versed in his profession as to be counted authority in nautical matters, by even his superiors. Hazlett was as brave and true as he was experienced, and, withal, a quaint sort of fellow.

One day, just as the vessel steamed past Matthias Point, she was fired at from a new gun of terrible power, that had only been put in position since the last time she had gone up the river. The commander of the Yankee immediately replied to the compliment with a heavy shot, which, however, as was generally the case, did no harm.

As our hero noticed that the captain's temper was ruffled by this





"A moment or so later, and the indomitable Colonel Sullivan actually hurled his gallant regiment against the advancing rebels, drove them back in confusion, and then, capturing their colors, retreated in safety."—See Page 95.

want of success, he coolly but respectfully stepped before him, and, making the customary salute, said:

"Captain, if you'll give me a chance, I'll try and silence that fellow and all the rest of them, by to-morrow. I think I can do it."

"How so? How do you propose to do it?" asked the captain, looking the honest tar in the face.

The latter, after glancing cautiously around him, whispered his plan in the ear of his superior, who, seemingly struck favorably with it, ordered him to follow him to the cabin. Here followed an explanation which led to Hazlett's being landed at a certain point on the river bank below, for the purpose of going on "*secret service*."

For several days after this, it was noticed that the Matthias Point battery did not fire as usual at passing vessels, and it was even hinted that the rebels had abandoned the spot. The cause of this intermission was never explained to any one but the captain of the Yankee, until sometime afterward, when, among the prisoners who were released by the Confederate military authorities at Richmond, was Robert D. Hazlett. Upon his arrival at Washington, he immediately sought out his old commander, to whom he narrated the following as a history of himself after he left the Yankee, to go on his secret expedition.

"Well, captain, after I got ashore, and sent the boat back to the vessel, I traveled over to a piece of woods, where I knew of a hiding-place in which I could live till eternity, without anybody discovering me. Here I stayed until night came, when, creeping out of my concealment, I made my way, as cautiously as an old fox, across the country to where the battery was thrown up.

"Getting past the outlying pickets and sentinels didn't give me the least trouble, for they were not very wary, and even if they had been, the tricks I learned while in Sumatra, among the natives there, would have helped me past them and old Cerberus himself.

"However, I moved very gently for fear of frightening some of them; for you know a coward is, three times out of four, more likely to alarm a whole army than a brave fellow. The rain befriended me, too, for it came down in straight torrents, and, being disagreeably cold, it induced the rebels to take more care of themselves than their guns. So you see the job came easier, and there was less likelihood of my being caught before I got through.

"I had the position of every piece well mapped out in my memory, and without any difficulty I crept straight to the first one, that sixty pounder, you remember, that used to throw so wicked. Well, I took out a rat-tail and my hammer—I had covered the latter

well over with several layers of flannel and cotton—and, pulling off the apron, felt for the touch-hole of the gun. Then carefully inserting the end of the file, I listened a moment to hear if any one was near. All was well, and I drove the spike with a single blow.

“‘There’s a ration of rat’s-tail for you, old pounder!’ said I, to myself, as I left the now useless piece, and made my way to the next one, which I served in the same manner. As good fortune willed it, I succeeded in spiking every gun that ranged on the river, before I was discovered, and even then I really think that I could have got away safely if I had not become careless at the moment. But I was so pleased with myself at thus silencing a whole battery with such ease, that I forgot where I was for the instant, and gave a sort of a small cheer.

“‘Who goes there?’ challenged a sentry, as he heard me.

“‘Me!’ replied I, as the click of a musket fell upon my ear, and then I quickly added, ‘A friend!’

“‘Advance and give the countersign!’

“‘Call the corporal of the guard,’ answered I, to this, seeing that serious results might follow any attempt at evasion. ‘I have been on secret service, and I don’t know the word.’

“‘Then why didn’t you stop at the first picket line?’ asked the sentry, coming close to me with his leveled musket.

“‘That’s my business!’ I rejoined boldly; ‘do as I tell you! I want to see the commandant, for I have important news to communicate.’

“Seeing my determined manner, the sentry did as I ordered, and I was soon after taken in charge by the corporal, who, at my repeated and earnest request, led me to the quarters of Colonel Taylor, the commandant of the post, who was raised out of a sound slumber to see me.

“Upon being introduced to him, I drew out the written orders you had given me, which saved me from being treated as a spy, and, making a very polite bow, I said:

“‘I am sorry to disturb you, Colonel, but I have come to tell you that every gun in your battery is spiked!’

“‘What! thunder and lightning! Who are you, anyhow?’ exclaimed he, crumpling the paper I had handed him in his hasty efforts to open it.

“‘I am Robert D. Hazlett, of the United States gunboat Yankee, at your service.’

“I never saw a live man, captain, turn so quickly like a dead one, as the rebel Colonel did when I said this. When his first surprise

went off, however, he seized a pistol, and would no doubt have shot me dead, if I had not just as quickly drawn my own revolver and leveled it upon him. Then I held a parley with him, and finally convinced him that what I had done was entirely allowable in honorable warfare, and that, having accomplished my purpose, I surrendered myself a prisoner into his hands, claiming the same treatment as other prisoners of war were entitled to. As I did so, I handed him my weapons.

"By this time his anger was cooled down, and he seemed rather to admire me than otherwise, but threatened all manner of punishment upon those whose duty it should have been to prevent my spiking the guns. He then ordered me into the guard-house, from which I was removed the next day, and sent to Richmond, where I have remained ever since."

An offer of promotion was forthwith made to this gallant sailor, but he refused, saying:

"Oh, no, captain! I'm just as willing to serve Uncle Sam as ever I was; but you see I've not got education enough to serve in any higher position than I now have, and I'm too old to go to studying."

It would have been well for the nation, had some of our prominent commanders been possessed of a tithe of the modesty of the hero of our sketch.

A CHAPLAIN'S DASH.

CAPTAIN J. J. GEER, CHAPLAIN FORTY-EIGHTH OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

NOT the least remarkable feature of the present rebellion is the prominent stand taken by the loyal clergy of all sects and denominations. All, with one accord, laying aside ecclesiastical differences and jealousies of creed, have formed side by side,—Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopalian, to face and combat the heresy of secession. Yet have they not confined themselves to the pulpit alone, but, going to the bloodiest front of battle, with the commonest soldiers, they have submitted themselves cheerfully to all the perils incident to their practical espousal of the holy cause of the Union. And many of them, not even satisfied with this, have taken an active part in the hostilities against the rebels, and rendered the most signal service to their country. Second to none on the glorious list,

stands the name of Chaplain (*now Captain U. S. A.*) John J. Geer, who, after recruiting a large number of the gallant men of the Forty-eighth Ohio Volunteers, accompanied that regiment in the capacity of chaplain. For this purpose, he left a lucrative pastoral charge and a loving family. Through all their marchings, and hardships, and battles, Mr. Geer accompanied the Forty-eighth, until the eve of the contest at Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing.

For some time previous to this date, however, the chaplain had shown such soldierly and useful qualities, that he was offered, and accepted, the position of Assistant Adjutant-General, on the staff of Colonel, now General Ralph D. Buckland. Buckland commanded the Fourth Brigade of the Advance Division of General Grant's army, under General Sherman.

His appointment did not cause him to forget his pastoral duties, however, and he still wore his chaplain's dress as often as his uniform, praying and fighting by turns.

On April 4th, two days previous to the great battle of Shiloh, Captain Geer, being some distance out of the town, discovered the advance of Beauregard's army coming up. He instantly saw that this boded a heavy attack, and, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped back to General Grant's headquarters, stated the fact, and asked for reinforcements for the outer picket line. Grant, who it is well known, is a strict disciplinarian, refused to pay any attention to the request, as a chaplain had no authority in such matters. Without waiting another moment, Geer galloped away to his tent, donned his proper uniform, and again going to Grant, demanded the reinforcements previously asked for.

Grant immediately complied, and the Captain dashed away to the threatened picket line, which had already fallen back, and was exchanging shots with the advancing rebels.

Geer pushed his horse forward into the fray, bounded over the interval between the hostile lines, and, ere he was aware of the fact, found himself surrounded by his foes. The latter fired a volley at him, which wounded his steed badly, and then charged on him with their empty pieces. He instantly drew his revolver, and, spurring his staggering animal directly toward the rebels, fired every barrel of the pistol with deadly effect. As he sent his last bullet on its deadly errand, a soldier struck at him with a musket. The blow was caught on our hero's arm and hand, and shattered the latter dreadfully. Several others struck at him a moment afterward, and he fell, apparently killed, together with the faithful steed that carried him.

A strange good fortune preserved him, however, and, presently recovering, he was carried by his rebel captors to the rear, thrown across a horse like a sack of wheat, as he was too weak to sit or walk. After a variety of adventures, being several times tried for his life, escaping, living sometimes in the swamps, and being there run down by blood-hounds, Captain Geer at length reached Richmond, from whence, being exchanged, he was brought to Washington.

The peculiar value of Captain Geer's services, on the occasion to which we have alluded, was, that his intelligence of the enemy's advance so promptly taken by him to head-quarters, prevented the total surprise originally intended by Beauregard. What the result would have been had General Grant not thus been informed so early of the rebels' advance movement we will not contemplate. The disaster would have been perhaps irreparable.

No man who has received the promotion and notice of the Government, for his meritorious acts of bravery, more richly deserves it than Captain John J. Geer, the patriotic chaplain of the Forty-eighth Ohio volunteers.

RHODE ISLAND HEROES.

FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY, COLONEL DUFFIE.

THE thrilling genius of Tennyson had as much to do with immortalizing the "Noble Six Hundred" of Balaklava, as their own patriotic gallantry. Yet we would not on that account subtract a leaf from their laurels, earned as they were so nobly. But in using the incident of their gory victory as a measure of bravery, we find that it is at least equaled, if not surpassed, by many deeds performed by our own inimitable volunteers, during the present war. The charge of the Twenty-second Iowa Regiment at Vicksburg, will go many a day without a parallel; while the combat we are about to narrate of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, with an overwhelming force of rebels, exceeds in brilliancy that of the "*Six Hundred*," and has furnished a copy that sabre may never again equal.

Immediately subsequent to the rebel General Lee's manœuvre, by which he turned General Hooker's flank, and pushed toward Washington from the Rappahannock, the cavalry arm of the Federal army was called upon to play a most important and perilous part.

An attempt to ascertain what Lee was really about, led to a scattering of several regiments of horse throughout the region of country likely to be occupied by the enemy. One of these, the Rhode Island First, after performing a certain duty, started from Warrenton for Middleburg, north of the Bull Run Mountains, intending to join their own division, which was coming through Aldie Gap.

At the time they started, this gap was in possession of the Union forces, as was also Middleburg. In the mean time, however, the latter place had been taken by the Confederates, who drove back the Federals, and then quietly awaited the arrival of our heroes, expecting to take the whole regiment without a single shot. Word reached Colonel Duffie of his danger, and the apparent hopelessness of escape; but he resolved to make an effort to break through the enemy's lines at Middleburg. On approaching the town, he was met by the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, who immediately charged his command. These were not only repulsed, but actually driven into the town, with terrible loss, by the Rhode Islanders, who, finding that the place was held by an overwhelming force of both infantry and artillery, retired to a wood about a mile away.

In this wood they spent the night, resting their horses, that had traveled a hundred miles without forage, with the desperate intention of cutting their way through the masses of the enemy, or perishing in the effort.

Colonel Duffie, with the candor of a brave man, did not conceal a single jot of the peril which surrounded his devoted band, and they, in return, promised to follow him to the death.

Daylight at length came, and the heroic Rhode Islanders prepared for the awful combat that lay before them. Carbines and pistols were loaded, sabres sharpened, and, just as the sun cast his first cheering ray across hill and valley, the devoted band moved out from the wood in the stern array of despair. All their farewells had been spoken, and all their messages of love, to dear ones at home, had been exchanged an hour before. Now none thought of aught else than victory or death.

The moment the head of the little column appeared, the foe made a fierce attack, and then commenced the carnage. Forward was the only word, and forward was the only direction taken by our heroes. Nearly five thousand fresh, well-mounted, and well-equipped veterans of Lee's army, charged upon and around the fated squadron, hoping to crush it to the earth, and ride triumphantly over it.

But, meeting the torrent sternly, the Rhode Islanders hacked their way toward liberty, leaving a trail among the masses of the foe, like

that of a hurricane in a forest. Yet in the midst of this battle whirlpool, Colonel Duffie and his command kept perfectly cool, and, seeing at last an opportunity to force a passage through the rebels in the rear, the Colonel drew up what was left of the regiment, at the upper end of an open plain, and then, like a thunderbolt, flashed his way through the rear line of the foe, and galloped away toward Thoroughfare Gap.

For a moment the rebels were paralyzed with astonishment, and then, with mingled rage and chagrin, they charged wildly after the fugitives, whose steeds, almost worn out, were soon overtaken by the well-mounted Confederates.

Once more commenced the dreadful carnage; bullets whistled into palpitating breasts, and sabres sank relentlessly into whirling brains; but onward pushed our heroes, their number constantly diminishing as their foes ground them to powder, as it were between mill stones.

But what need is there to dwell further on the valor of the First Rhode Island Volunteers, on this occasion? Suffice it to say, that out of the *four hundred heroes* who started from that protecting wood at day dawn, *thirty-one*, weary and wounded, reached Hooker's camp. With the bard of Balaklava, we may truly exclaim:

"When will their glory fade?"

A DANGEROUS MISSION.

HENRY D. NORRINGTON, LOOMIS'S MICHIGAN BATTERY.

AFTER the battle of Carnifax Ferry had been fought, the rebels cut off all communication between the Federal camp at Elkwater, and that on the summit of Cheat Mountain, by seizing and holding the only road that connected them.

Becoming at once apparent that the communication must be re-established, several trusty scouts were sent out, one after another, to Colonel Kimball, on the mountain top, from General Reynold's camp at Elkwater. But such was the untiring vigilance of the enemy, that each one in turn was shot ere reaching his destination. The danger to the Elkwater camp was imminent, and a volunteer was asked for to open up a correspondence with Colonel Kimball. A young man of great courage, immediately started with high hopes of success; but he, too, fell, and was never heard of again.

The commanding General, then stating fairly and fully the perils

attending the task, asked for another volunteer. The command, which had been drawn up for the purpose of hearing the proposal, remained immovable, and not a soldier stirred from his place for several minutes. During the silence that reigned, faces were turned continually up and down the line, to see if there was any one bold enough to undertake the task. These few minutes seemed an age to every one, and the General, with disappointment marked on his features, was turning away, when private Henry D. Norrington, of Loomis's Michigan Battery, stepped from his rank, and offered to go upon the perilous errand.

He was immediately ordered to report himself at headquarters, where, receiving his orders, and instructions, and dispatches, to Col. Kimball, he started for his destination. With the most admirable tact and caution, our hero succeeded in eluding the first picket-line of the rebels, after passing which, he traveled *nearly the whole distance beyond, crawling upon his hands and knees*. In case of surprise and failure, he had his dispatches rolled up in his mouth, and ready to swallow.

In this manner, he reached Colonel Kimball's camp, on the top of Cheat Mountain, and safely delivered his dispatches into the hands of that commander.

And now he had completed but half of the fearful task he had undertaken, for, to complete it all, it was necessary that he should carry back a dispatch from Colonel Kimball to General Reynolds. The desperate character of the enterprise may be inferred from the fact that Kimball's whole command shook hands with our hero before he started upon his return, never expecting to see him again.

He set out, however, at night, traveling in the same cautious manner as he did before, and holding himself ready for any emergency. The North Star was his guide, and it did not deceive him, for in due time he arrived within a few miles of Elkwater. Thus far on his journey, he congratulated himself that he had succeeded, and that his perils were over; but even as these joyous thoughts passed through his mind, his quick eye discerned a rebel cavalry horse tied to a stake, some distance ahead. So sudden and unexpected was this, that Norrington's hope was for a moment dashed to earth, but only for a moment.

The next instant, our hero was crawling like a panther toward the animal, intending to capture him, and thus insure his own escape, provided the owner or his friends were not too close at hand. Coming within reach of the steed, which was already saddled, the scout cautiously peered around him to see if the danger was too great.

Unable to catch the slightest glimpse of any foe, he sprang to the bridle, unhitched the horse, vaulted into the saddle, and the next moment was galloping away toward Elkwater at the top of his speed.

Ere he was out of range, several men, who doubtless had been close at hand, bounded into the road, and, raising their pieces, sent a volley of rifle balls after him, which, although they whistled disagreeably near, did him no injury. He did not stop to return the compliment, but continued to urge forward the horse, on whose fleetness all now depended. The steed was a splendid charger, full-blooded, and as spirited as a lion; and right gallantly did he carry his new master into the Union lines, within whose protection the scout was safe.

He had thus succeeded in his perilous mission, and, delivering Colonel Kimball's message and letter to General Reynolds, he received the most lavish praise and thanks from the latter officer. We are happy to add, also, that his reward did not end here, for, besides being promoted to the General's Staff, as Mounted Orderly, Norrington received from General Reynolds an elegant revolver, from Captain Loomis a handsome sword, from the Assistant Adjutant-General a complimentary notice in his Official Report to the War Department, and, at dress parade, nine rousing cheers from his comrades. Five men had been killed in attempting the task which he successfully accomplished to the discomfit of the rebels.

A TRUE SON OF THE BUCKEYE STATE.

COL. PETER J. SULLIVAN, FORTY-EIGHTH OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

IN the present struggle for the life of our country, there has ever been a sharp and healthy rivalry between each of the loyal States as to which could do the most for the sacred cause of the Union. So strong has been this laudable emulation, that it would be exceedingly difficult to give exclusive commendation to any particular State. But none has surpassed the promptness and valor exhibited on every occasion by the noble volunteers sent into the grand conflict by our sister State of Ohio.

Foremost on the roll of her heroic soldiers is the name of Colonel Peter J. Sullivan, the commander of the Forty-eighth Ohio Volunteers. This gallant man, at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, was engaged in Cincinnati in a profession that netted him an income of several thousand dollars a year. This he left for the pur-

pose of taking up arms in defence of his adopted country, for which he had before periled his life in the Mexican campaign. Notwithstanding much opposition, he at last succeeded in raising a fine regiment, and at its head he marched to the seat of war. His experience soon enabled him to bring his command to such a high state of discipline and proficiency that the Forty-eighth was first and always detailed for the post of honor.

At Fort Donelson they achieved wonders, while at the terrific battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, they won for themselves the enviable distinction of being the bravest regiment on that gory field. How they were handled by their gallant Colonel needs no eulogium from us. Let the narrative speak for itself.

The rebels, under the skilful management of Beauregard and Johnson, had advanced with the utmost secrecy and celerity, fondly hoping to crush Grant before Buell's army could reach him with assistance. And there is no doubt that, had it not been for the unflinching bravery of a few commands like the Forty-eighth Ohio, the Confederates would have accomplished their object. As on previous occasions, Colonel Sullivan and his veteran regiment were assigned to the most dangerous post on the field, supported, we think, by the Seventy-second Ohio Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Ralph D. Buckland.

After various manœuvres, the Forty-eighth was placed at a certain point, which they were to hold at all hazards. The stand was taken not a moment too soon by our heroes, upon whom the foe soon launched an overwhelming column of troops. But, like a rock, the Buckeye boys stood their ground, beat back the enemy, and planted their own colors farther forward than before. Again and again did the rebels seek, with the utmost fury and determination, to capture the whole command; but so quickly and well did it obey the orders of its able Colonel, that all the efforts of the enemy were baffled. The latter retiring, allowed our heroes a little rest, but only a little, for, reinforced by fresh men, they once more threw themselves with renewed fierceness upon the devoted band.

And now commenced a terrible contest, so terrible, indeed, that Sullivan's superior officer, fully satisfied that if he held out any longer he would be cut to pieces, sent orders for him to abandon his position, and make safe his retreat while yet he had an opportunity.

By this time the hard pressed Ohioan and his chivalrous command, however, were thoroughly excited, and determined to accomplish something more before giving way. The orderly who took the message to Sullivan repeated it again and again, but Sullivan's only

response, as he passed up and down his line, encouraging his men, was:

"Give us reinforcements, and we'll send them to the d——!" accompanied by a strong oath, which was easily pardonable under the circumstances.

A moment or so later, and the indomitable Colonel actually hurled his gallant regiment against the advancing rebels, drove them back in some confusion, *and then, capturing their colors, retreated in safety, bringing off his whole command*, of course excepting those noble hearts who had fallen to rise no more.

We record this simply as it was told us by Rev. Mr. Geer, the patriotic chaplain of Colonel Sullivan's regiment, and we cannot close without adding that one of Colonel Sullivan's most bitter opponents, the cowardly Colonel Rodney Mason, was ignominiously broken of his command for dastardly conduct on the same field on which Colonel Sullivan and his heroic Forty-eighth won such renown.

A DESPERATE COMBAT.

WILLIAM DODGE, COMPANY M, NEW YORK HARRIS LIGHT CAVALRY.

THE Harris Light Cavalry has, by its repeated acts of daring and gallantry, earned the well-deserved reputation of being the best body of cavalry in the service. They were engaged in the attack by General Pleasanton on General Stuart, some distance from Ashby's Gap, and performed a great part of the heavy work on that occasion. Stuart's rebel horsemen fought with great spirit, but the endurance of their Northern opponents being far greater than their own, they were driven steadily back. Several incidents occurred during the battle, illustrative of the desperation with which each side fought. One of the most marked of these was the following, obtained from an eye witness. We give the account in the language of our informant:

"You see that Lee had pulled the wool over Hooker's eyes rather badly, and, by several manœuvres, had succeeded in leaving old Joe in the lurch on this side of the Rappahannock. When Hooker found that the rebel army had got away, he immediately had to hurry up his own force toward Washington. At the same time he was obliged to find out where Lee was, and what his intentions really were. In short, he had groped about after his wily enemy like a blind man.

"Of course, the cavalry was now called on to show its mettle and

abilities, and, as hitherto, the Harris Light Horse were first and foremost. At last, after a great deal of hard marching and hard fare, we got fairly at old Stuart's troopers, at Aldie, from which place we drove them backward and backward, till we pushed them right into Ashby's Gap. Here we found that the enemy was too strongly posted and reinforced to continue, so we returned, bringing off our wounded and many prisoners.

"Among our wounded was William Dodge, of Company M, whom I myself helped to carry in. He was very badly cut up, for he had been in the thickest of the fight. I do not know what else he did, but I saw him myself, at one time, surrounded by six horsemen, every one of whom he killed or unsaddled. He was a large strong fellow, and brave to rashness. Becoming separated a little distance from his column, Dodge was seen by these six rebels, who immediately dashed down upon him, no doubt expecting to gobble him up. But I tell you they missed it badly, for Dodge, instead of waiting for them to come up, spurred his horse forward, right into the middle of them. This in itself rather astonished them; but still determined to have him, they closed in on him, and all drew their sabres."

"Dodge saw his danger, but resolved not to be taken prisoner. I expected every instant to see him drop, for a man surrounded by six well drilled cavalymen don't have much chance for anything but death. But while I was looking, Dodge cut down two of his foes, and then, warding off a savage cut of a third, spurred his horse out of reach of the others. He might have escaped then, but that was not his intention, for, wheeling all of a sudden, he charged back on his pursuers, the foremost of whom dropped from his saddle. The one behind him, in making a lunge at Dodge, lost his balance and toppled over, Dodge giving him a slash as he fell that finished him, I guess.

"And now came his turn, for, just as he recovered, another of his assailants, a small, wiry fellow, got close in on him, and drove his blade into Dodge's thigh, almost pinning him in his saddle. The next moment, though, he too went down to keep his comrades company, while Dodge, dashing at the last one, soon laid him low.

"The brave fellow then plunged into the general fight, and I saw no more of him until I saw him lying among a pile of dead and wounded men. After I brought him in, I examined his wounds, several of which were fatal. Two balls had entered his body, one passing through the right lung, and the other through the stomach, while his right arm was nearly severed from the shoulder by a sabre cut. In his thigh, also, was a plunging wound, the one, doubtless, that I had seen inflicted. He was badly cut, too, about the face and breast.

"He suffered great agony, but bore it all like a true hero, and, as I left him with the surgeon, who could not, however, do anything for him, he shook my hand with what little strength he had, and said:

"Comrade, I've done my duty, haven't I?"

"Yes, and done it nobly," answered I, as I squeezed his hand, and the tears came into my eyes and dropped on his face, for I tell you, sir, I couldn't help it.

"Then I can die happy! Good-bye, comrade. God bless you!"

"I could scarcely hear the last words, and I was so full that, as I turned away to fall into the ranks, I could only nod my head and give his hand another squeeze for answer. He died soon after, and was buried close by the battle-field. A braver man never filled a soldier's grave."

LEADING THE FORLORN HOPE.

ORDERLY SERGEANT M. FARLEY, ELEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

THE "forlorn hope" is a body of troops, always volunteers, who, for their daring bravery and endurance, are detailed to make the first assault on the fortifications of an enemy. In a majority of cases the greater portion of those composing the forlorn hope are killed, and any one of them who escapes a wound of some sort is always considered extremely fortunate.

While the rebel General Lee was invading Pennsylvania, after turning the flank of Hooker's army, it was at once surmised that he had necessarily left the Peninsular approach to Richmond much exposed. To settle this fact, General Dix promptly dispatched Colonel Spear, with the Eleventh Pennsylvania, and detachments of the Second Massachusetts and Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, on a reconnoissance, and also to burn the bridges spanning the North and South Anna Rivers.

On approaching the bridge on the latter river, Colonel Spear discovered that it was defended with a work of great strength, and well manned. He at once concluded that there was a large force close at hand; but, unwilling to retire without testing it, the Colonel called for a volunteer storming party to make a dash on the *tete-du-pont*. In a moment, the subject of this sketch, Orderly Sergeant M. Farley, sprang from his saddle, followed by a hundred and fifty of his comrades.

The Colonel might have detailed a commissioned officer to the command of the devoted column; but, with true wisdom, he allowed

the sergeant to lead. Directing them to the best point of the work, the commander of the reconnoissance gave the word, and in a moment the storming party were rushing at the foe. As they began to ascend the glacis, the enemy rose over the crest, and, pouring a deadly volley into the Federals, brought their muskets to a charge, to repel the latter.

For a moment our heroes hesitated, for they were armed only with pistols and sabres, while their foes, equal to themselves in numbers, were armed with that most effective weapon, the bayonet. It was one of those trying moments when the electric magnetism of valor may be passed from a leader to his men. There stood those brave men, balanced between retreat and victory.

"Follow me; forward! trot! gallop!" shouted Sergeant Farley, forgetting in the excitement of the crisis that the command was dismounted, and, therefore, giving a cavalry order. But it made no difference; and, with a yell of joy, the noble fellows bounded forward after their heroic leader, who, firing his pistol, immediately charged the rebel line with his sabre only. The rebels laughed scornfully at his rashness, and a dozen bayonets, charged carefully to meet his assault, received him on their keen points.

This was exactly what he had calculated on, and during the moment that his comrades had wavered, he had determined thus to sacrifice his own life that the victory might be gained. Not only, therefore, did he not recoil when the rebel bayonets pierced his quivering flesh, but actually pushed himself forward upon them, driving his antagonists back, and thus opening a gap in the line of defence. Seeing that he had accomplished his object, he turned his head, and shouted to his comrades:

"Through here! charge!"

These were his last words as he fell. The next moment the Federals rushed forward, got through the rebel line, and, after a short, sharp combat captured the whole command. This done, the main object of Colonel Spear was gained, and a few minutes later the bridge was in flames.

Had it not been for Farley's devoted bravery, the Confederate guard could have held Spear's command at bay until the arrival of help, which was seen, just after the burning of the bridge, in the shape of a heavy mass of infantry that came rushing down the Fredericksburg road. Farley's example was as brilliant as his death, and we hope to be able to chronicle many such daring deeds ere victory crowns the Banner of the Union with imperishable glory.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

JOHN DUTTON, COMPANY G, 128 N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.

DURING the first assault made by General Banks upon the Confederate stronghold at Port Hudson, the enemy's sharpshooters picked off large numbers of our officers, hoping by this means to produce confusion in the attacking column of Federals. To a certain extent, this was successful; but the Union forces had been so well drilled that, almost as quickly as they became confused, they reorganized afresh, and again marched forward to the attack. And there can exist no doubt that, had the works been at all pregnable, they would have been certainly carried; but they were as strong as the famous Sebastopol, and it seemed almost rashness to attempt their capture, except by regular seige approaches.

Foremost among the skirmishers of the 128th N. Y. Volunteers, who led the advance, was John Dutton. This heroic soldier, with the utmost coolness and bravery, pushed his way close up to the embankment from whose yawning embrasures the rebel cannon belched death among his comrades. Holding his position here, he continued to fire his piece until he had expended all his charges. Then creeping along the ground to where a dead comrade lay, he cut from the body a cartridge-box, and making his way back to his old place, reopened fire upon the foe. He had nearly emptied this box of its charges, when he was singled out by a negro sharpshooter, who fired at him. The whistling ball passed between his neck and shoulder, in such close proximity to the former that half an inch of space only saved the jugular vein. Dutton immediately brought his intended slayer tumbling to the earth, from his hiding place in the top of a large tree. Even as he did so, however, he was seen by a Mississippian, whose bullet struck our hero on the forefinger of the right hand. Cutting this finger off, it came in contact with the rifle stock, glanced down through the other fingers, and passing obliquely upwards, crushed the *metacarpal* bones, in the middle of which it lodged.

Thus disabled, Dutton retreated. Ere he had got out of range, he came across a comrade who had been wounded, and who was so weak as to be unable to move; and, gently taking him on his back, he bore him safely to camp, though suffering excruciating agony from his own wound. The noble fellow was received with delight by his admiring comrades, and if not disabled, would have been promoted immediately.

GENERAL BANKS AND THE ROLL OF HONOR.

ON June 15th, it became necessary to make a final attempt to storm the fortifications at Port Hudson; and, appreciating the peril of such an attack, General Banks, the gallant commander of the Union army, issued the following general order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
19th Army Corps,
BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 15, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 49.—The commanding General congratulates the troops before Port Hudson upon the steady advance made upon the enemy's works, and is confident of an immediate and triumphant issue of the contest. We are at all points upon the threshold of his fortifications. One more advance, and they are ours!

For the last duty that victory imposes, the commanding General summons the bold men of the corps to the organization of a storming column of a thousand men, to vindicate the Flag of the Union, and the memory of its defenders who have fallen! Let them come forward!

Officers who lead the column of victory in this last assault may be assured of the just recognition of their services by promotion, and every officer and soldier who shares its perils and its glory shall receive a medal fit to commemorate the first grand success of the campaign of 1863 for the freedom of the Mississippi. His name will be placed in general orders upon

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Division commanders will at once report the names of the officers and men who may volunteer for this service, in order that the organization of the column may be completed without delay.

By command of Major-General BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN, Ass't Adj't-General.

[Official.] GEO. B. HALSTEAD, Ass't Adj't-General.

We will publish a *full and correct* list of the names of these Heroes of Port Hudson in our next issue, obtained directly from the headquarters of General Banks.

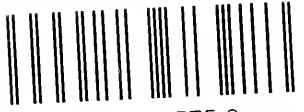


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